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WEEK ENDING DEC 6 1924

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

In this Issue:

SIZING UP SOCIETY

By Gloria Gould Bishop

Preferred by Three Generations

For over one-third of a century the greater percentage of the people have been enjoying bakings made with Calumet Baking Powder.

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THE WORLD'S GREATEST
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—never fails to produce pure, sweet and wholesome bakings; it's absolutely dependable. Contains more than the ordinary leavening strength; one spoonful does the work of two of many other brands. Try it today, your grocer has it. Learn the true satisfaction that comes from using the "Best by Test" leavener.

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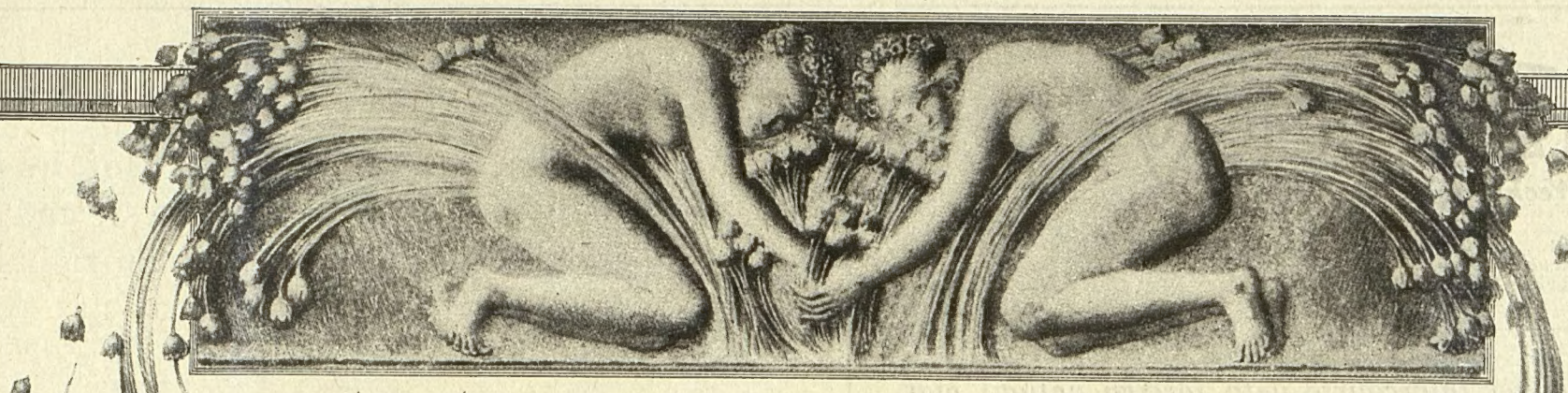


COTY

PRESENTS HIS ORIGINAL PERFUME COMPOSITIONS
EACH CREATED TO EMPHASIZE A LOVELY PERSONALITY

L'Origan—Radiating the compelling allure of women of delicate sophistication and exquisite elegance, perfect in poise and graciously imperious.

"Paris"—Entrancing, beguiling—giving fragrant expression to the woman of gay audacity and provoking contrasts, ever-challenging.

Chypre—Mystery of the east—disturbing, strange—accenting the allure of exotic temperaments of swift moods and limitless diversity.

Rose Jacqueminot—Tantalizing, alluring—distilling in fragrance the spell of delicious coquetry and playful mischief.

Ambre Antique—For women of intriguing aloofness—expressing the imperishable fascination of the unattainable.

Jasmin—Pale flower of romance—enchanting perfume of the elusive woman, of intangible, wistful charm.

Lilas Blanc—Breathing the charm of pale blonde women, sensitive, unapproachable, with unstirred fires beneath the snow.

Violette—Sweet hidden treasures—expressing the indescribable charm of the shy, sensitive child-woman—exquisitely tender and fragile.

Styx—Irresistible fragrance of the unknown—subtle expression of the enigmatic personality, serene, tranquil, of incomprehensible depths.

Lilas Pourpre—Thrill of life and mad, sweet gayety—for the joyous temperament—with dancing feet and laughing mouth.

Oeillet—Translating in ever fresh perfume the woman of infinite complexity and many, changing personalities.

Muguet—Exquisite scent of Lillies of the Valley—magic of youth and spring—for the slender debutante, lovely in her delicate freshness.

Ambreine—A touch of the bizarre—a hint of the barbaric—accenting the woman of vivid intensity.

Heliotrope—Sweetness of old fashioned gardens—essence of women of gentle softness and lasting sentiment.

Violette Pourpre—Fire and dew—fragrance of elf women, fugitive, uncaught, half pagan, wholly alluring.

Iris—Melancholy, minor music,—voicing for the idealistic temperament, the unattainable beauty of its illusions, its undying dreams.

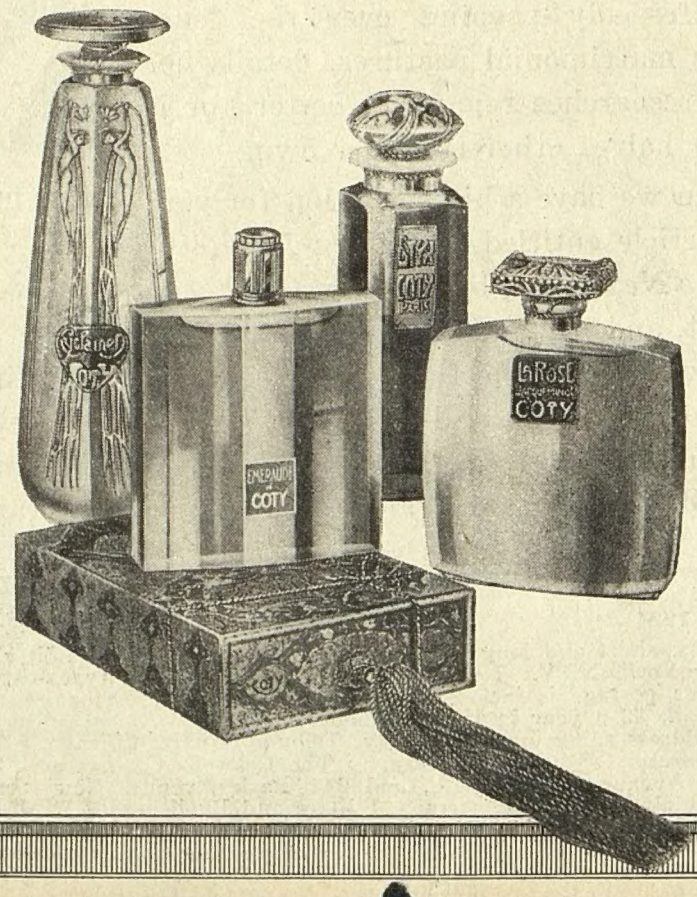
L'Effleurt—Dream gardens—breath of a hundred blossoms under the sun of summer—intensifying the charm of fair flower women.

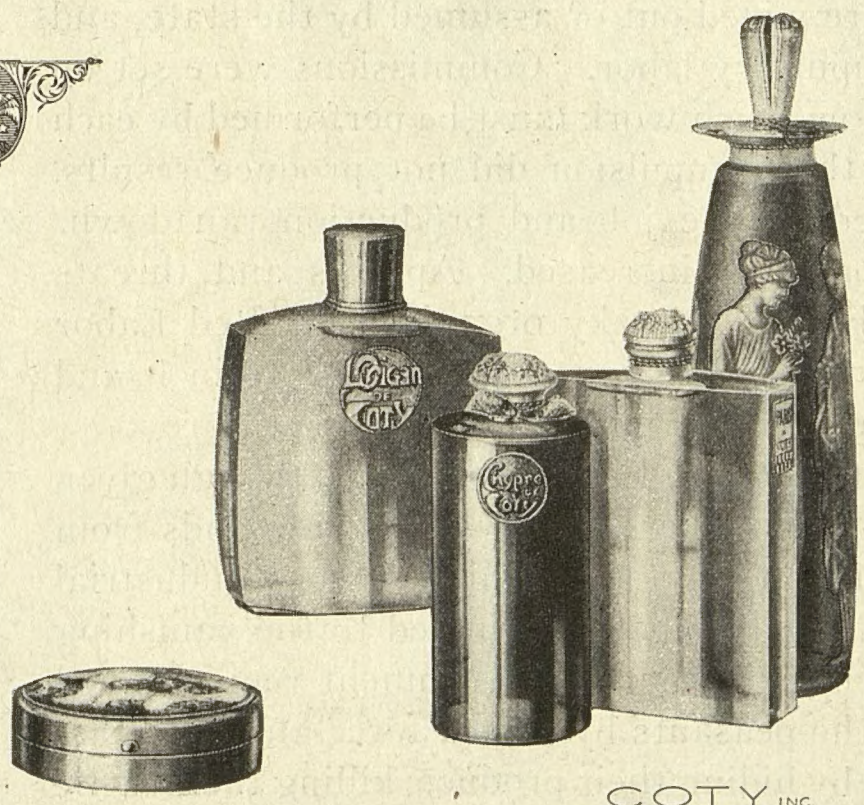
Jacinthe—Scent of hyacinths, recalling the classic goddesses of Greece—for women, divinely tall and fair.

L'Or—Preciousness of gold—ever alluring—inspiring fragrance of the golden blonde, of sunset hair and clear eyes.

Cyclamen—Vivid threads of fleeting moods in the grey web of life—expressing women of volatile, changeful nature.

Emeraude—Mystery of the Emerald in perfume—inspiring and ever new—differing subtly with each woman who wears it—giving its loveliest fragrance when mingled with the soft warmth of flesh.





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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

THE LESSON OF RUSSIA

In many discussions of our social or economic conditions by those who would reform them, a favorite assertion is that human rights are superior to property rights. But there cannot possibly be any property right that is not a human right. The right of the wage earner to his day's pay is a property right. The right of the farmer to the crop he raises is a property right. The right to the house or apartment we live in, the food we eat, the clothes we wear, are all property rights and human rights.

These are basic human rights without which we could hardly endure life at all, and the general property right, the right of the individual to possess property, is, perhaps, the human right most essential to civilized society and to human progress. The Russian bolsheviks have been trying to get along without the right of private property. They could not make a clean sweep of private property rights because not less than eighty per cent of the Russian people are farmers, and the thing the Russian farmer, like any other farmer, wants above all else is his own farm. But the evil effects of the abolition of private property in industry, commerce, and transportation reached not only the townspeople but the peasants.

The bolshevik dictatorship had seized factories, mills, mines, and railways. Some were taken over by workmen who tried to run them and soon ran them down. Some were taken over by the Soviet government. Property rights were wiped out or assumed by the state, and then came compulsory labor. Commissions were set up to determine how much work must be performed by each worker. But this compulsion did not produce results. Workers loafed on the job and production ran down. Hours of labor were increased. Appeals and threats were made. Finally Trotzky organized his Red Labor Army and workers were conscripted to serve in it and sent from place to place regardless of their welfare.

Of course this was nothing but slavery, though given a fancy name, and workers ran away by thousands from the factories and cities to the rural districts. Industrial production collapsed; exports dwindled to the vanishing point. The bolshevik central government requisitioned produce from the peasants by armed force and the peasants countered by hiding their produce, killing their cattle and cutting down cultivation to bare necessity. And then came the great famine, one of the most terrible in history. Yet this took place in a country which before communism had been one of the chief food supply regions of the world.

Communism deprived industry of its mainspring, the motive of intelligent self-interest, and has demonstrated that property rights are human rights so essential that a civilized society cannot exist or at any rate cannot prosper without them.

IN THIS ISSUE

Page

Sizing Up Society. *A clever analysis of the fashionables of America*.....By GLORIA GOULD BISHOP 5
Against All Comers. *A love story of married life*..By FRANK R. ADAMS 11
The Christmas Tree Ship. *A story of Chicago's most beautiful tradition.*.....By SIDNEY McNEILL SUTHERLAND 19
A Reformed Hijacker Talks. *An article about the enemies of bootleggers.*.....By HIJACKER 21
Making or Breaking a Salesman. *A few valuable hints*.....By S. K. ATZ 25
Picking a Wife from a Picture. *An article about oddly-chosen brides*.....By RICHARD ADAMS 28
Wrap Me Up a Speech. *A humorous article*..By WALTER DAVENPORT 32
$500 a Week for Limericks. *The winners and another chance*..... 35
The Only Woman. *A motion picture review*.....By ALVA TAYLOR 37
The Turning Worm. *Second installment of a two-part novelette*.....By SEWELL FORD 38
Try Salads As a Cure for Winter Ills. *Household hints*.....By ETHEL M. SOMERS 44
Anything But the Truth. *Sixth installment of a great mystery serial*.....By CAROLYN WELLS 45
Liberty's Cross-Word Puzzle No. 5..... 52
Buttons and Flares Rule Winter Styles in Paris. *Fashions*.....By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS 53
Christmas Gifts Easy to Make at Home. *Patterns*.....By PATRICIA 54

Cover Design by Penrhyn Stanlaws

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

Rupert Hughes on After-Dinner Doldrums

THE horrors of the American banquet hall, with its ruthless speakers, are feelingly described by *Rupert Hughes,* the great American novelist, next week in Liberty. He calls his article *After-Dinner Doldrums.*

RUPERT HUGHES

Another witty feature is *Other Women's Husbands,* in which *Thyra Samter Winslow,* after confessedly peeping over the fence into other matrimonial pastures, details her sprightly researches regarding better (or is it lesser?) halves other than her own.

And then we have a big sensation for you. It is an article entitled *Not Even Profiteers Safe in the Next War,* by *William G. Shepherd,* the veteran war correspondent, and it depicts in unforgettable terms the terrible aerial-chemical warfare of the future, with its vaporous flying death which will annihilate armies and cities. *Mr. Shepherd* draws a staggering picture, backed by official facts, of the ruthless slaughter facing combatant and non-combatant alike in the potential war of tomorrow.

Special articles, short and long fiction stories desired. Address Editor, Liberty, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. No manuscripts received unless typewritten and prepaid, nor returned unless postage is inclosed. All manuscripts sent at owner's risk. Five cents a copy. By mail, $2 a year in U. S., Canada, and Mexico. No subscriptions for less than one year. Address subscriptions, Liberty, Tribune Square, Chicago. Allow four weeks for change of address. Published weekly by The Coloroto Corporation, Tribune Square, 431 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., and 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y., U. S. A. R. R. McCormick and J. M. Patterson, Editors and Publishers. J. M. Patterson, President and Secretary; R. R. McCormick, First Vice President and Treasurer; S. E. Thomason, Second Vice President; John N. Wheeler, Executive Editor. Entered as second class matter April 30, 1924, at Post Office, Chicago, Ill., under Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1924, by The Coloroto Corporation in United States and Great Britain. All rights reserved.

A small section of "Society" at Palm Beach wondering what on earth to do with itself next.

Picture by
RALPH BARTON

Sizing Up Society

By Gloria Gould Bishop

Who Finds the Institution (But Not, of Course, the Individual Members) to Be Mostly Bunk!

BEAUTIFUL Gloria Gould Bishop is a member of one of the oldest, wealthiest, and most famous American families. She is the daughter of the late George Jay Gould, multi-millionaire, and of the late Edith Kingdon Gould, the lovely and charming actress. Despite the fact that young Mrs. Bishop—she is only about nineteen—has entry into the most exclusive social circles, she has chosen a different kind of career—that of teacher of the dance, and writer, conducting her own modest little apartment in New York. And one of the things about which she rejoices is the fact that Henry A. Bishop, to whom she was married in September, 1923, is earning his own living in the financial district of New York and sympathizes with her aims. He is a member of a family prominent in railroad building, his forebears having been largely responsible for the construction of the N. Y., N. H. & H. Railroad system.

JUST why anyone should take especial pride in being a member of what is called Society is more than I could ever understand.

Just why anyone should make especial efforts to gain entrance into that supposedly superior fold is another mystery to me.

This business of having — or wanting to have—one's name in the Social Register or in certain columns of certain newspapers; of being—or wanting to be—recognized by a more or less limited group of individuals who have these same perquisites or desire to have them—what is it all about? What does it mean? What does it get anyone? I've been thinking this over and trying to find a word which perhaps would completely characterize this thing called Society as I see it.

Futility? That was one of my words. It is futile. Stupidity? Yes, it's stupid! Unreality—hypocrisy? Yes; it's tinged with those elements, too. But I wonder if there isn't just one single word which might include all of these things as they touch upon Society?

Bunk!

That's not a very intellectual word, and maybe it hasn't the highest standing in our dictionaries. But I think it's just the word I've been looking for. My philosophy about the institution under discussion might be summed up in this brief phrase:

Society?—Bunk!

Mind you, I'm not attempting to attack those who make up what is called Society. I have many good friends, and there are many nice people, within its ranks. But I have a lot more friends — and they're equally nice and sometimes nicer—who aren't and don't want to be within its ranks.

I'm entirely impersonal when I say I think that of all the useless systems which clutter up the world and hamper definite achievement,

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVEN]

Incredibly simple! yet - thousands are finding their health again in just this way

THESE remarkable reports are typical of thousands of similar tributes to Fleischmann's Yeast.

There is nothing mysterious about its action. It is not a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense. But when the body is choked with the poisons of constipation—or when its vitality is low so that skin, stomach and general health are affected—this simple, natural food achieves literally amazing results. Concentrated in every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast are millions of tiny yeast-plants, alive and active. At once they go to work—invigorating the whole system, clearing the skin, aiding digestion, strengthening the intestinal muscles and making them healthy and active. Health is yours once more.

"Being a physician I realized that I had Chronic Gastritis. After eating, I always experienced a feeling of distress and depression, which led to pain. Life was a battle and an agony. When Yeast was suggested, it seemed to hold no prospect of final restoration to health, but good logic prompted me to take it. I began by eating one cake of Fleischmann's Yeast after each meal. I triumphed: for, in two months my sufferings ended, and since then I have felt no pain or discomfort."

(*A letter from Captain Joseph Finberg, Medical Corps, Chicago*)

"My body has frequently been unable to keep the pace my energetic mind has set. In college I received the honor of Phi Beta Kappa, but with an enforced year's rest before my senior year.

"One day while turning the pages of a magazine I read a Fleischmann's Yeast advertisement. It gave me resolution. I began eating yeast regularly. Very gradually at first I improved: then with leaps and bounds physical vigor came flooding back to me."

(*A letter from Miss Stellita Treadwell of Memphis, Tenn.*)

"I am a regular walking, talking advertisement for Fleischmann's Yeast. All my life I have been practically an invalid, due to constipation. When Fleischmann's Yeast was recommended to me, I ate three cakes a day. And after six weeks' treatment was cured.

"The cure has been permanent. I don't think there is a greater example than myself of what Fleischmann's Yeast can do for one, suffering as I was for *37 years with chronic constipation* and all the ills that follow."

(*A letter from Mrs. W. C. Matthews of New Orleans, La.*)

"Practically all my life has been spent in Alaska. I had a good appetite but was losing strength and was told that I was troubled with malnutrition. My daughter read the Yeast advertisements and induced me to try yeast. It seems to be that the lack of fresh fruits and vegetables gradually affected my system, and that yeast supplied some needed element. Anyway it rejuvenated me!"

(*A letter from Mr. Theodore A. Church of Berkeley, California*)

"I believe I tried every kind of salts advertised in America, and the same thing with pills. I ran, played tennis, rode horseback, took abdominal massages—still constipation stuck with me. . . . After about eight weeks of Fleischmann's Yeast I was able to do without pills or salts of any sort. It is now eight months since I have found it necessary to use a cathartic of any kind—and this, understand, is after a condition of *chronic constipation that had lasted for seventeen years*."

(*A letter from Mr. Wilson Lovett of Louisville, Kentucky*)

Dissolve one cake in a glass of water (just hot enough to drink)

—before breakfast and at bedtime. Fleischmann's Yeast, when taken this way, is especially effective in overcoming or preventing constipation.

Or eat 2 or 3 cakes a day—spread on bread or crackers—dissolved in fruit juices or milk—or eat it plain.

Fleischmann's Yeast for Health comes only in the tinfoil package—it cannot be purchased in tablet form.

All grocers have it. Start eating it today! You can order several cakes at a time, for yeast will keep fresh in a cool, dry place for two or three days.

Write us for further information or let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Address: Health Research Dept. G-12, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIVE]

Society—an aloof little grouping of men and women who arrogate a special standing for themselves—is the worst.

The only person, I think, who deserves any special rating is the one who, by individual effort, adds something to the world's store of useful material, of knowledge, or of entertainment. And it is the rare son or daughter of Society who does any of those things.

With the expenditure, in another direction, of the time, the effort, and the money put forth in trying to climb into Society, the climbers could make themselves much better known in the world, and much happier.

Many ways are employed by the climbers to gain the supposed altitude. One of the most popular, and, I should say, perhaps the most successful, is what I choose to call the "water way."

THE first step for the climbing mamma, after papa has been sold the big idea, is to take the children and go to Europe. Mind you, mamma will tell everyone she hates this trip, but she feels the children must have the advantages of travel. She will suffer all kinds of seasickness, snubs, and what not, just to gain a foothold in the estimation of some of the "front families" who happen to be on the steamship.

How did she know they *would* be on the boat? Oh, the ingenious schemer knows how to secure passage lists and valuable tips on the movements of the persons in the Social Register. Her machinations would do credit to the diplomatic school of the Iron Chancellor.

Of course, European travel is very democratic. Everyone associates with everyone else. And if one has plenty of money (which, needless to say, a lot of our "front families" do not have), one is considered a good shipmate. The intimacy of these days at sea begins friendships which the designing person does not lose sight of.

Not she. Probably she will take a house in Paris, or some watering place when the season is at its height, and push the friendships she has made on shipboard almost to the limit.

Upon her return to New York she will open a pretentious place on Fifth Avenue or in the so-called exclusive neighborhoods, and continue her forward march. Perhaps she is part way "in" by this time, perhaps not. Possibly she has been taken up by the "half-ways," to borrow a term used in a Broadway play last year.

These half-ways, recognizing that she has traits and financial resources which they themselves do not have, give her the benefit of their experience and association if she in turn helps them financially as she progresses up the social ladder.

Eventually she arrives where her name and her parties are chronicled in the society columns of the newspapers. It has been an irksome journey. Bunyan's Pilgrim never trod a more obstacle-cluttered road, but once arrived—ah, that is the great satisfaction!—or so she dreams.

Is it? I've been wondering. The sort of people who will pay most attention to her are the sort whose lives for the most part are devoted to "parties." And just think of a straight week of luncheons, teas, theaters, dinners, and the like, in company with a combination of the following types of people:

First, the rich woman whose money supports an idle husband. She knew this would be the case when she married him, but she did not care. She does not care now, even though her friends smile pityingly at her. Her life is devoted to trying to please this idler—and to finding his name and hers in the society columns of the newspapers. This sort of woman is far from rare in Society.

Then note the unknown girl who somehow or other grabbed off a promising youth of an old, wealthy family. Very high-hat, oh, very!

Or the fat matron who persists in being coy with very young and slim men, when under the influence of the stuff Volstead bans.

Or the successful business man who gets flirtatious with the flappers without realizing that they are making a fool of him.

AND, of course, the mother who sits on the beach under a red umbrella, and talks endlessly about her débutante daughter and her son at Harvard, while her eyes rove in all directions looking for the eligible match for both.

Then the chic divorcée who clings madly to her husband's name because it helps her in society.

The begemmed, youthful-looking mother of countless offspring, kept carefully hidden in the background of her life.

The eternal beau who has been madlly in love with every débutante since 1904.

The boy flapper with nothing but his dancing to recommend him.

The man intellectual who goes to dances "because there he can best study human nature."

The husband of the jealous wife who says saccharine things to every pretty girl in sight, meanwhile casting surreptitious glances at Friend Wife.

The father of the débutante, who sadly confides that he wishes he were young again, so he could cut in with his daughter's best friend.

The boy whose mother has told him who's who, and he won't dance with anyone else but——

And last, but never least, the débutante—and one usually can divide this non rara avis into four classes.

The first includes the girls who are very beautiful, and who think they can get by on their beauty alone. Hence they are utterly stupid.

The second class of debbie who isn't going very big, and does the routine under the excuse "it's just to please mamma."

The third class of debbie is the popular one, because in it one finds the girl who smokes, drinks, dances, dresses, and pets very well, indeed.

The fourth type of débutante—and it is from this class I believe come the society women who in later years actually accomplish something, is the really sensible girl who has no illusions

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TEN]

GLORIA GOULD BISHOP
Photograph by Nickolas Muray, posed especially for Liberty.

SOCIETY is just swinging into its winter whirl of gayety. Receptions, balls, bridge parties, dinners—they will fill the calendars of the elite from this time on, with Palm Beach and other winter resorts in the offing.

But there is likely to be one vacant place at all the glittering events. For beautiful Gloria Gould Bishop, who holds a place in the circle of the elect by right of the magic name Gould, has weighed Society and found it wanting.

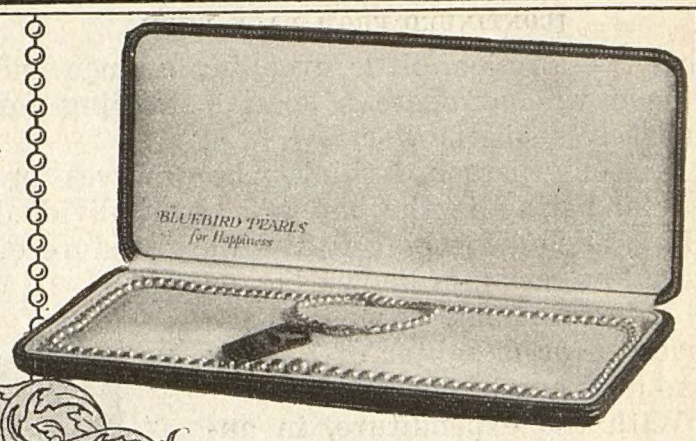
Young Mrs. Bishop believes that solid achievement, and not mere birth or riches, should confer social prestige, and she finds that this belief is not characteristic of modern American Society. Therefore she is striving for a more useful career according to her own lights. And in this article she tells why in detail.

Combination No. 523—Fiery opalescent pearls in rose or cream, with a 14 kt. white gold bow knot safety clasp; encased in an attractive brocaded tapestry jewel case lined with fine white satin.

24 inch—$20.00
30 inch—$25.00
36 inch—$29.50

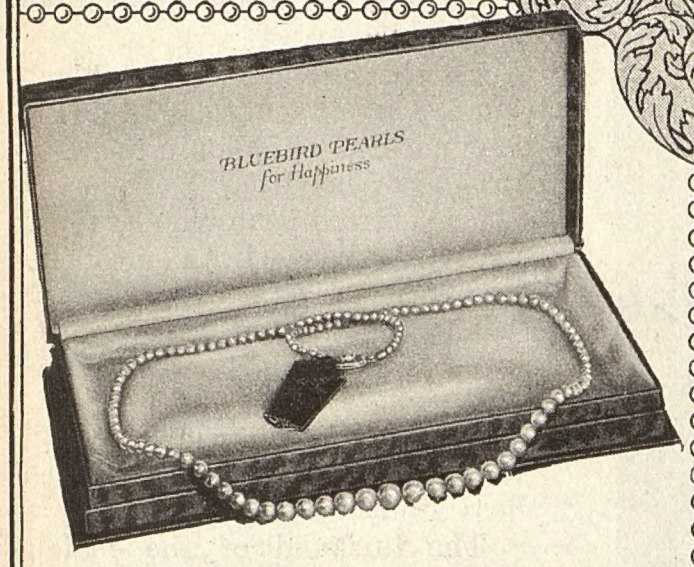
Combination No. 1506—Deep iridescent pearls with a soft tint, finished with a dainty platinum clasp set with a genuine diamond; encased in a calf skin leather gift box, lined with fine white satin.

24 inch—$175.00
30 inch—$215.00
36 inch—$255.00



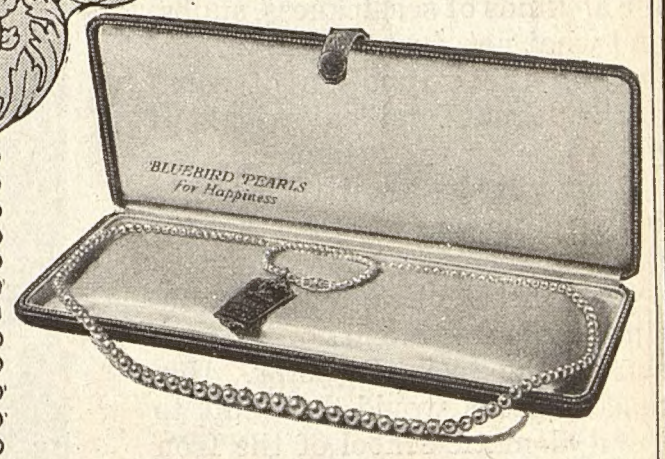
Combination No. 711
Cream or rose graduated pearls with 14 kt. white gold diamond-set clasp; encased in handsome two compartment chest.
24 inch—$35 *30 inch*—$40
36 inch—$45

H. Foy.



Combination No. 115—Pearls of lustrous cream or rose, exquisitely graduated. The necklace is finished with a 14 kt. white gold safety clasp. The gift case is of beautiful leatherette and is lined with gleaming white satin. Altogether this makes an exceptionally charming gift.

24 inch—$10.00 *30 inch*—$12.50 *36 inch*—$15.00



Combination No. 326—Rich rose or cream opalescent pearls form this superb necklace. A 14 kt. white gold safety clasp set with one genuine diamond and two imitation sapphires adds a jewel-like touch of finish. Encased in a hand modeled gift case of grained leather lined with fine white satin, this makes a gift that one would be proud to give or proud to receive.

24 inch—$29.50 *30 inch*—$32.50 *36 inch*—$35.00

BLUEBIRD PEARLS
for Happiness

THIS CHRISTMAS give her pearls. And not just any nondescript pearls quickly made in foreign countries—but pearls made in America—real American beauties—BLUEBIRD PEARLS.

BLUEBIRD PEARLS have all the soft fire and purity of natural pearls. No gift could be more thoughtful, more beautiful, more welcome.

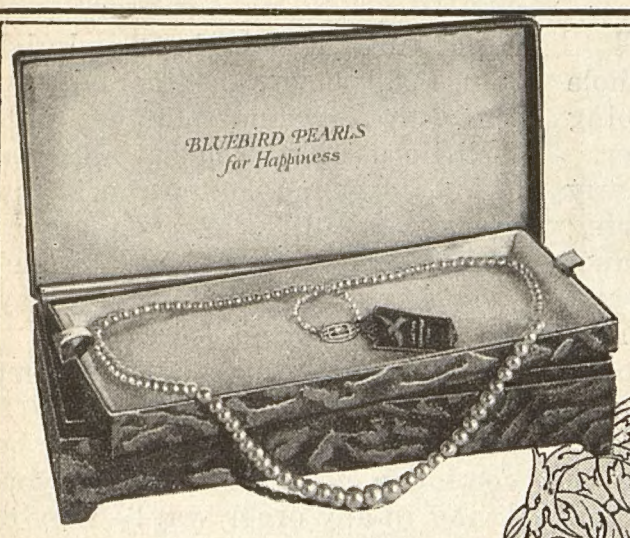
Dealers everywhere are featuring special Christmas collections of these American made pearls—each strand encased in a handsome box. You might well select a gift of BLUEBIRD PEARLS for every girl and woman on your Christmas list!

Combination No. 522—Fiery opalescent pearls in either cream or rose, finished with a 14 kt. diamond-set white gold safety clasp; encased in a grained pyramid jewel chest lined with fine white satin.

24 inch—$25.00 *30 inch*—$30.00 *36 inch*—$35.00

Combination No. 1115—A finely graduated strand of rich, lustrous cream or pale rose pearls with a 14 kt. white gold safety clasp set with a genuine diamond; encased in a hand modeled and grained leather gift box, hand tooled with 22 kt. gold and lined with fine white satin.

24 inch—$40.00 *30 inch*—$45.00 *36 inch*—$50.00

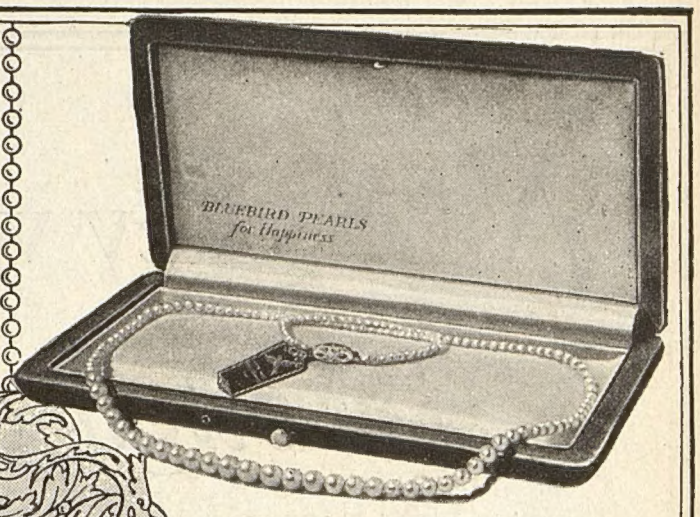


Combination No. 117—Soft cream or rose graduated pearls, finished with a 14 kt. white gold safety clasp, encased in a leatherette jewel box lined with fine white satin.

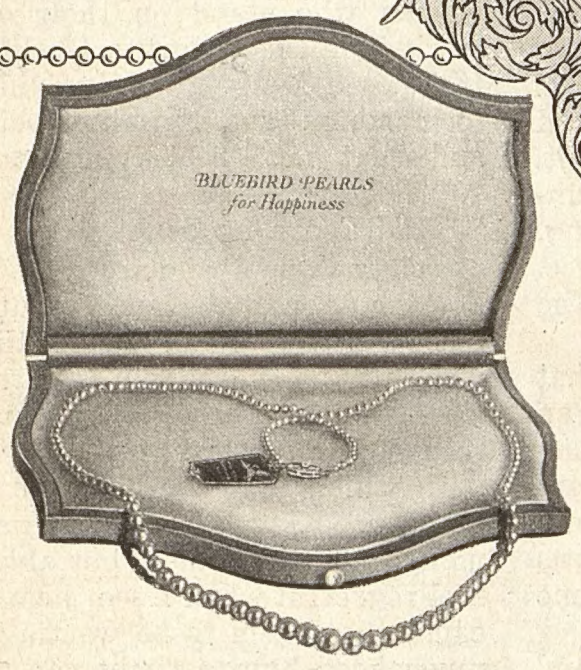
24 inch—$12.50
30 inch—$14.50
36 inch—$16.50

Combination No. 141—Graduated strand in cream or rose, with 14 kt. white gold safety clasp, set with one genuine diamond and two imitation sapphires; in a blue velvet gift box lined with white satin.

24 inch—$20.00
30 inch—$22.50
36 inch—$25.00

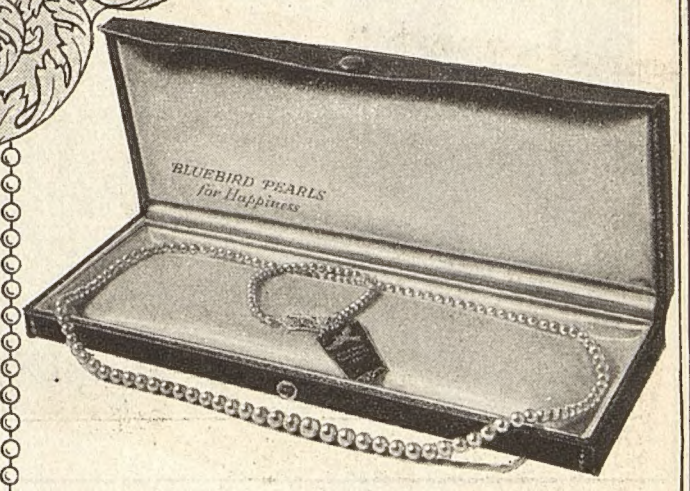


Combination No. 129
An 18 inch, 20 inch, and 22 inch strand in either rose or cream attached to one clasp; encased in leather gift case.
$40.00 Complete



Combination No. 913—An exceptionally lovely iridescent pearl necklace, fittingly finished with a 14 kt. white gold safety clasp set with a genuine diamond. The handsome gift case is of hand modeled leather, beautifully trimmed with gold satin and richly lined with white satin.

24 inch—$35.00 *30 inch*—$40.00 *36 inch*—$45.00



Combination No. 1411—This necklace is of pearls of soft iridescence, delicately graduated. The safety clasp is beautifully wrought of platinum and is set with a genuine diamond. Soft calf skin forms the gift box which is a thing of beauty in itself.

24 inch—$90.00 *30 inch*—$110.00 *36 inch*—$130.00

The Happiest Choice of All BLUEBIRD

YOUR jeweler, who knows pearls, will prefer that you select BLUEBIRD PEARLS because he knows that their beauty is not temporary. He knows that BLUEBIRD PEARLS are a quality not a quantity production. He knows that American standards of craftsmanship give BLUEBIRD PEARLS a depth of lustre and charm of coloring that are most closely akin to the beauty of natural pearls.

Like all fine jewelry, BLUEBIRD PEARLS are sold only in jewelry stores.

Prices from $400 *to* $10

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Also Makers of
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Combination No. 144—Deep cream or rich rose graduated pearls with a 14 kt. white gold safety clasp, set with an imitation emerald; encased in a velvet jewel chest lined with fine white satin.

14 inch—$15.00 *30 inch*—$17.00 *36 inch*—$19.00

Combination No. 323—Opalescent pearls in soft rose or cream, finished with a 14 kt. white gold safety clasp set with a genuine diamond; encased in a jewel chest of blue silk velvet, trimmed with gold and lined with fine white satin.

24 inch—$25.00 *30 inch*—$29.50 *36 inch*—$33.50

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With the coupons of well chosen bonds they can do what they most wish—purchase something they really want, or deposit them in the bank. A coupon from a high grade bond is itself an object lesson in the results of thrift and sound investment.

THE NATIONAL CITY COMPANY

National City Bank Building, New York

BONDS SHORT TERM NOTES ACCEPTANCES

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVEN]

about Society, to whom the whole thing is temporary, and a stepping stone to something better later.

And I cannot take you away from this distinguished gathering of society types without introducing you to the girl who really never came out, but who has been to every prom since 1912, who looks ten years older than her mamma, and acts twenty years younger. Usually the athletic type, a hearty soul ready for anything—even a husband.

PERHAPS all these people and the things they do are worth while. Perhaps they are worth the efforts expended by those who succeed in joining them. But to me they are not. To me the whole show seems like the one we see against the sky on the evening of the Fourth of July—flashing, sparkling, colorful—but serving not the slightest useful purpose, and soon fading out against the darkness.

I am not very venerable—being not quite nineteen—and I cannot, of course, go back to the ancient days when Society gained its title of "The Four Hundred." But I have seen Society all my life and I think I know a few things about it.

Yesterday Society had the foundation of gentility, good breeding, and, to a large degree, intelligence. Today it is based chiefly upon the possession of money.

Society no longer means what it did when my mother was an active young matron and my sisters and I were children. There is no recognized leader of Society today. Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish was the last to keep up the old régime and the old ideals.

When my mother was living and I was growing up, the recognized society functions took the form of dinners, musicals, and the like, in one's own home, which would be participated in and enjoyed by forty or fifty men and women who could each contribute something worth while to the event.

But things are different now.

Instead of the engraved and formal invitations of other days now you hear people say, "Meet me after the theater and we will go to the Night Club for dancing." (Not that I disapprove of dancing. Indeed, that is one of the means whereby I am trying to make myself a self-supporting woman. I am going to conduct a dancing school. Also, I confess, I am trying to become a writer.)

Today the cabaret and the suburban roadhouses are generally the scenes of "social functions," instead of the dignified and well appointed homes which witnessed them previously.

I'm far from a reformer and I am not violently criticizing these changes of conditions—I'm simply pointing them out.

I believe in everyone having a lot of fun. Let the boys and girls dance all they want to and have their cigarets and their cocktails. A little petting is not at all a bad thing. But my contention is that one's whole life, or even a very appreciable proportion of one's life, should not be given up to gayety or parade.

People sometimes say to me, "But, Gloria, you don't have to fret about teaching dancing or becoming a writer or making your living in any other way! Why do you do it?"

Possibly I don't have to worry. Maybe I could get along without trying to support myself. But I would not be happy—and I would feel all the misery of believing myself utterly useless in the world—if I did not at least try to be self-supporting. I have friends who feel the same way about it, including the big, handsome Yale boy whom I married and who, I am glad to say, is making his own way in business and is heartily in sympathy with my aspirations to do the same thing.

But the number of society women who stand on their own merit is in the minority, I believe. It takes a really great individual to combine successfully Society and what I call real living.

THERE are no doubt many society women who are forced to live the unbreakable social routine but who would give half their wealth to be freed from the traditional or other reasons which make them go on as a part of a system with which they are bored to extinction. I know and love a great many of these women, but always feel regretful when I see them because they seem to be wasting so much good human timber on useless things.

I would like to have a frank talk with the climbing mamma before she begins her maneuverings. I would like to answer her "It's all for the children's sake" by telling her a few points of difference between the society child and the average middle class child.

I have watched both, and it is my belief that the middle class child is much happier, much more interesting, and much better equipped in every way for the living of a happy life than is the child of Society.

There is a reality about the life of the middle class child which makes for ruggedness of attitude and philosophy.

There is such a lack of spontaneity in society life. Nothing is natural. Nothing seems basic. It is all as false as paste jewels. The shimmer and the gleam are there, of course. But in reality—like the paste jewels—Society is shimmering and gleaming to hide its pathetic unreality and boredom.

It is, as I have summarized it—Bunk!

THE END

A Short Story of Beauty, Lights, and Laughter--- and of a Young Husband Who Could Not Understand That a Butterfly Is Loveliest When the Sun Glints on Its Wings

AGAINST All Comers

By
FRANK R. ADAMS

Pictures by
ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

Arlyn was the kind of a girl Plato never met.

I.

FOUND—IN KEENE & COSGROVE'S MORGUE, AN antique Scottish broadsword or claymore. Owner may have same by paying for this advertisement.

DONALD MACLEAN had a pretty tough time getting over the first matrimonial hurdle. It seemed very difficult for him to learn that a wife is only a woman and not at all what a man thinks she is before they face the halter together.

Just now, for instance:

He was coming home in the street car because Arlyn was using their single automotive unit to attend Mrs. Machen's tea. And Don was not doing it with very good grace. He could not easily reconcile himself to his wife's idea that a social function took precedence over family and business affairs every time.

He was older than his wife. He would have been older, no matter what their actual years were. Don was born older than Arlyn would ever be.

He had a lot of blue prints, specifications, tools, and one thing and another to carry home, and the car would have been very handy.

Even on the poky trolley he got home first. He was all bathed and dressed in his most comfortable oldest clothes by the time Arlyn breezed in, scintillating with the memory of an afternoon of sartorial supremacy and breathlessly full of chatter.

She stopped, though, when she saw the way Don was dressed. "Scotty, dear, why didn't you put on your dinner coat?"

"What for? I've got to work all evening."

"But you can't. Mrs. Hempstead's party is tonight and——"

"I don't give a whoop whose party is tonight. The plans and specifications for the new athletic club building have to be ready by tomorrow morning or old George Webb & Co. won't be represented in the competition. You may have forgotten, but I happen to be chief draftsman and architectural engineer for the above named concern."

"I know, darling, but we can't miss Mrs. Hempstead's party. Everybody will be there. She always has such lovely suppers, and Hyman's orchestra is going to furnish the music."

Don grinned amiably. "It seems to me I've heard you say something like that before—about three times a week, in fact, or whenever I try to get a little sleep for the next day's whirl at commerce."

"Why, Don, we've scarcely been anywhere this week."

"Well, it's only Thursday. I'll admit we've only been out four nights so far. At any rate, we're booked for home this one evening, and so far as this work of mine is concerned it is still evening until it's daylight."

"You won't go?"

"Absolutely and positively won't."

"But I've got a new dress for this party."

"It'll keep. You can spring it at the Bachelors' Ball next week."

"But I'm having another gown made for that."

Don threw up his hands. "All the more reason why I should work all night."

The telephone bell rang. Arlyn answered it. Calls were usually for her, anyway.

"It's Roy," she told Don after listening a minute. "He wants to know if we can't all go together in his limousine. He hasn't any girl for tonight and——"

"I told you I was going to work tonight."

"You don't want me to go?"

"I don't want you to want to go."

"But I do."

"Then go. I suppose——"

Arlyn didn't wait to hear the rest, but uncovered the mouthpiece of the telephone and bubbled into it: "Scotty isn't going, but if you'll call for me I'd appreciate it a lot, because I'm not allowed to drive our car at night."

There was more, but Don did not wait to listen. He was hurt to think that the party meant

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTEEN]

A wonderful two years' trip at full pay—

but only men with imagination can take it

ABOUT one man in ten will be appealed to by this page. The other nine will be hard workers, earnest, ambitious in their way, but to them a coupon is a coupon; a book is a book; a course is a course. The one man in ten has imagination.

And imagination rules the world.

Let us put it this way. An automobile is at your door; you are invited to pack your bag and step in. You will go to the office of the president of one of the biggest banks. You will spend hours with him and with other bank presidents.

Each one will take you personally thru his institution. He will explain clearly the operations of his bank; he will answer any question that comes to your mind. In intimate personal conversation he will tell you what he has learned from his own experience. He will give you at first hand the things you need to know about the financial side of business. You will not leave these bankers until you have a thoro understanding of our great banking system.

When you have finished with them the car will be waiting. It will take you to the offices of men who direct great selling organizations. They will be waiting for you; their time will be at your disposal—all the time you want until you know all you can learn about marketing, selling and advertising.

Again you will travel. You will visit the principal industries of the country. The men who have devoted their lives to production will be your guide thru these plants in Detroit, Cleveland, Chicago and in every great industrial center.

Thru other days the heads of accounting departments will guide you. On others, men who have made their mark in office management; on others, traffic experts, and authorities in commercial law and credits. Great economists and teachers and business leaders will be your companions.

The whole journey will occupy two years. It will cost you nothing in income, for your salary will go right along. Every single day you will be in contact with men whose authority is proved by incomes of $50,000, $100,000, or even more.

Do you think that any man with imagination could spend two years like that without being bigger at the end? Is it humanly possible for a mind to come in contact with the biggest minds in business without growing more self-reliant, more active, more able?

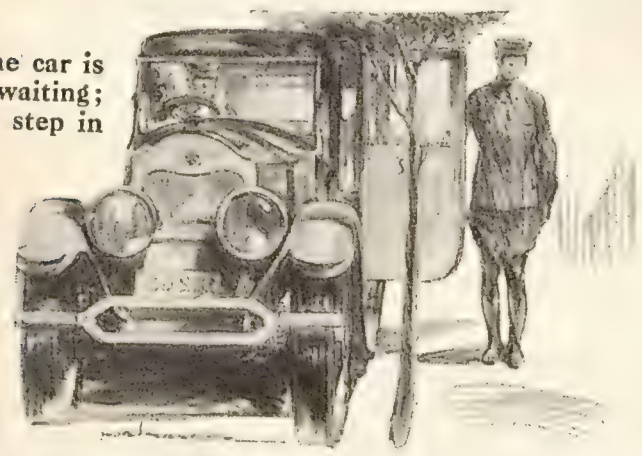
Is it worth a few pennies a day to have such an experience? Do you wonder that the men who have had it—who have made this two years' journey—are holding positions of executive responsibility in business everywhere?

This wonderful two years' trip is what the Alexander Hamilton Institute offers you. Not merely a set of books (tho you do receive a business library which will be a source of guidance and inspiration thruout your business life). Not merely a set of lectures (tho the lectures parallel what is offered in the leading university schools of business). Not merely business problems which you solve, and from which you gain definite practical experience and self-confidence.

All these—books, lectures, problems, reports, bulletins—come to you, but they are not the real Course. The real Course is the experience of the most successful business men in the country. For two years you live with them. In two years you gain what they have had to work out for themselves thru a lifetime of practical effort.

If you are the one man in ten to whom this page is directed, there is a book which you will be glad to own. It is called "A Definite Plan for Your Business Progress." It costs you nothing yet it is permanently valuable. In it is a chart built out of the experience of 250,000 men. You can see by this chart exactly where you stand today in your mastery of business fundamentals. And just what progress you can make in six months; in twelve months; in eighteen months; in two years.

The chart is a wonderful stimulus to men of imagination. If you have read this far, and if you are at least 21 years of age, you are one of the men who ought to clip the coupon and receive it with our compliments.



The car is waiting; step in

ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE
196 Astor Place New York City

Send me the book, "A Definite Plan for Your Business Progress," which I may keep without obligation.

Name .....
Please write plainly
Business Address .....
.....
Business Position .....

How do your last two years compare with his?

Mr. T. F. PEIRCE, President of the Pacific Desk Company writes: "When a man clips a coupon from one of your advertisements he puts himself in touch with the strongest lifting power in modern business."

THERE ARE two kinds of managers. (Just as there are two kinds of superintendents, engineers, salesmen and accountants.)

One says: "I am so busy that I cannot possibly do any outside reading." He does none.

The other says: "I am so busy that I do not see how I can possibly find time for outside reading, *but I must.*" He does.

T. F. Peirce, manager of the Pacific Desk Company, was very busy.

But there is a difference between having a *busy mind* and having a *closed mind.* Mr. Peirce was not afraid to face the facts about himself. He investigated the Alexander Hamilton Institute as a kind of test—to see just wherein his own training fell short. "I very quickly discovered one thing," he wrote frankly, "and that was how little I actually knew about the science of business."

Within a few weeks Mr. Peirce had found information in the Institute Course which had an immediate cash value to him.

The next step follows naturally and inevitably.

On October 31, 1922, Mr. Peirce wrote: "I want you to be the first to know the good news, and that is that I have been elected to the presidency of the Pacific Desk Company and have taken over the entire control of its stock. . . . I believe your Course has had much to do with making me ready to grasp this wonderful opportunity when presented to me, and I desire to give full credit where credit is due."

Perhaps you are a department manager or a salesman, or an accountant, or an engineer. You have your eye set on the high places of business, but they seem a long way off. The Alexander Hamilton Institute *can shorten the distance between the place where you are and the place where you want to be.* It has proved that in the careers of many thousands of men. Will you take their word for it that "A Definite Plan for Your Business Progress" is a guide book worth reading? The coupon will bring it.

Alexander Hamilton Institute

In Canada: C. P. R. Building, Toronto *In Australia: 11c Castlereagh St., Sydney*

"No girl has any business wearing a dress like that in public unless escorted by a brother who can whip anybody, including Jack Dempsey. It's almost nothing. I can see right through it."

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE ELEVEN]

so much more to her than did his peace of mind. There wouldn't be any actual material advantage to him if Arlyn stayed home, none at all. It would simply leave his brain clear to know that she was in her room sleeping.

It was the first time that Arlyn had ever planned going anywhere without him, and they had been married three years.

Arlyn was not at all the sort of girl that a dour, thin-visaged Scotchman should have picked out anyway, not for himself.

Arlyn was the kind of a girl Plato never met. If he had, the brand of affection which is copyrighted in his name would have had to be advertised under some other trade-mark.

Arlyn couldn't inspire friendship in a masculine bosom even if she cared to. And it isn't on record the lady tried.

It sounds as if Arlyn was a conscious siren, but that isn't quite right. As a matter of fact, she was scarcely a creature of flesh and blood at all. Rather she was the lovely incarnation of that spirit, half child, half woman, that has dominated the dreams of men since chivalry first began to be a force in the world.

Arlyn had that misty elfin allure. You saw her and it broke your heart to think that some time she must die, that one day the spirit that

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13]

lurked in her eyes must depart, leaving the world about her without lights.

She affected even casual passersby that way. No wonder that Don, who knew her best, wrapped his heart around her and felt that if any harm ever befell her it would be because he had relaxed his vigilance, had betrayed the trust that God had reposed in him.

But Don had very conventional hereditary ideas about property rights, especially as they applied to man's principal chattel, his wife. The modern attitude bewildered him. It gave him a positive revulsion of pain to see the way Arlyn and the other wives of their set allowed the familiarities of men. Don was troubled by a vague feeling that women like his mother had not done such things, and yet he did not know how to stop it.

Royal Webb, the son of Don's boss, was the most recent fly in the ointment. There had been casual dozens of others during their married life, but Roy was the most persistent and, for some reason, the most dangerous.

"Get out!" he snarled. "Get out of this house! Get out quickly before I do something I will be sorry for!"

ROY WEBB had just returned from Buenos Aires. He was the sort of man who was always just returning from somewhere. A youngster of unlimited wealth, as the son of George H. Webb had to be, he was nevertheless a capable adventurer, and whenever he came home he usually managed to pick up a fat contract or two from his social acquaintance that exasperated rather than pleased his old-fashioned father, who claimed that he could not succeed until he settled down to steady work.

There was a lot of good-humored dash about Roy, and he had an extremely continental moral code. Women appeared to be willing to learn about it from him. But he had been very fastidious. None of them seemed to attract him so much as Arlyn—no other, in fact, really had attracted him at all. And several had tried, too.

Don did not want his wife to go to the Hempstead party with Roy, but he did not know how to put his objection across without being undignified and appearing jealous, which he was. So he withdrew inside of himself and said nothing.

When, after dinner, Arlyn came down dressed in her new frock he could not refrain from voicing his real opinion.

"That isn't all the clothing you're going to wear?"

"Yes, darling, absolutely all. If you knew how much it cost per inch you'd be glad it stops where it does."

"No girl has any business wearing a dress like that in public unless escorted by a brother who can whip anybody, including Jack Dempsey. It's almost nothing. I can see right through it."

"The lights will be higher in Mrs. Hempstead's ballroom."

"What if they are? The fact remains that you have practically no more clothes on than you wear in bed. No corset, no underskirt, no——"

"I'm not dressed a bit lighter than I have been dozens of times before, and you know it."

"But you've always been with me."

"True, but Roy won't mind, either. All the other girls dress the same way, so he's all over being shocked. I'm glad you don't think my frock looks bunchy. I was afraid I might have to leave off my knickers, and it's really too cold to go out without them."

Don wondered if she always deliberately car-

ried an argument so far that it became preposterous. Anyway, he turned away now, as he did usually, half angry, half amused, at her devilish impudence. Before the argument could be resumed from another angle Roy arrived, and Arlyn, like a veritable Cinderella, was borne off, a shimmering princess, to the coach waiting outside in the snow.

That should have been the starting signal for the hardest period of mental concentration in Don's life. There was a lot of work yet to be done upon the athletic club plans, and no one but himself could complete it.

But instead of starting off with an ice cold, sweet running mind, Don sat in front of his drafting board letting little hot pin points of irritation distract him.

Why couldn't Arlyn have remained at home just this once? When would she ever realize that she was married and not a girl any longer? That it wasn't fair to keep her husband in constant competition with all other men?

Then he went on to picture Arlyn and Roy together. Had he held her hand on the ride to the party? Were they dancing together now? Probably, because Arlyn had often said that Roy was the best dancer she knew. Was her slim, soft body, that really belonged to him, pressed close in the embrace of this other man who was wealthier than himself, who was more dashing; who had greater proficiency in the small arts of making himself amusing; was her gay, elf-like spirit responding to the exhilaration of Roy's appreciation of her loveliness?

DON swept his cluttering drawing implements from the board and got up to tramp the floor with savage steps. What a fool a man was to take into his heart a woman who would not, could not probably, play the family game at no matter what cost to her own pleasures!

Midnight found him with nothing accomplished. She would be home soon now and he could go to work then, all his absurd distracting fancies quieted by her physical presence at home under their own roof. It would be only a little while.

But she did not come. It seemed incredible that one o'clock and then two should pass and that Arlyn should not report. The party must be over. Where could she have gone?

At three o'clock Don put on his overcoat and went after her, driving deliberately by the direct road to the Hempsteads' place and watching carefully for Roy's car lest they should pass him on the way.

The Hempstead ménage was all dark save for a few lights in the upstairs bedrooms. Obviously the guests had departed.

Don hurried home. Perhaps he had missed them. But his own house was just as he had left it, brightly illuminated, but coldly empty, a shell from which everything, including happiness, had fled.

This time when he left he carried a revolver in his pocket and drove direct to Roy Webb's lodgings. He parked the car around the corner and walked.

There was a light in Roy's first floor apartment, a light in the living room, and the shades were up. Don looked in before he rang the bell.

On a chair, sound asleep, sat Roy's man. Don turned away. Obviously Roy had not returned.

There was the sound of a motor coming down the street. Don hastily withdrew into a shadow.

Perhaps it was Roy. Perhaps Arlyn would be with him. Don touched the gun in his pocket, half withdrew it.

The car stopped in front of the building. A man got out—alone.

Don shoved the gun back into his pocket. Roy said good night to his chauffeur and let himself into his apartment. He seemed very happy, quite pleased with himself. One could tell that from his step as he walked from the car to his front door.

AS soon as the coast was clear Don went back to his own car, drove home. There was a light in his wife's room, a light that went out while he was still a block or so away.

Don entered his house and sat the balance of the night before his drafting board, doing nothing. The untamed savage in him made his fingers forget their training in the use of the delicate instruments of civilization.

No sleep, an untasted breakfast, the night of harassed emotions left Don in no mood to make excuses to his employer for not having completed his work.

Instead he strode into Mr. Webb's office, told him baldly that the plans were not done, and turned to go.

"Wait a minute," commanded his superior. "I guess you and I have a little talk coming."

Don halted at the door, and the two men looked each other over. George Webb was

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much more than an employer to Don. The fat, lame old man loved the boy he had brought up in his own business, loved him for possessing all the qualities he had wanted in his own son. He relied upon Don's judgment, and he admired his clear thinking mind, which was ordinarily the most closely meshed piece of apparatus in the entire establishment.

"MACLEAN, you've always been a favorite with me, but lately I've noticed that your work has been slowing up. I've made a few inquiries on the side, and I think I know why. Too much society. A man can't do it and still keep up the pace. I've just gotten through a talk on this very subject with my own boy, Roy. He was out all night at Mrs. Hempstead's fool shindig, and I suppose you were, too.

"Your wife's gown is described in the morning papers. 'Ecru net over white crêpe de Chine with a clasp of brilliants at the right hip.' All very pretty, of course, but a damned poor way for a young man to spend his time and his salary. I didn't personally care a rap how many parties you went to so long as you still delivered the goods in the office. But you're not doing it. You've just lost me a half million dollar contract. Obviously I cannot afford to keep you here merely as an ornament."

Don's jaw set. "To take effect immediately?" One might as well cut out the intermediate steps and face the facts.

"I didn't say I was discharging you."

"But it amounts to that. I deserve to be discharged. If you don't do it I'll resign."

The old man regarded him speculatively, seemed about to say something, but thought better of it. "Very well, then."

II.

DON, out in the street, found himself, for the first time in his life, with nothing to tie to. The solid institutions upon which his existence was founded, marriage to Arlyn and working for Webb & Co., had proven shifting sands. Don was no adventurer welcoming change as a stimulant. On the contrary, he ran better on rails than on the open road.

He did not go home.

Arlyn had awakened late. Don was gone. She was sorry, because she had wanted to tell him about the party. Everybody had had such a good time that it had seemed a shame to go home and it had been a positive inspiration on Roy's part when he had invited the gang to Joe's place to breakfast after the last dance.

Don tramped the snow-cluttered streets. At six he telephoned and told the maid that he would be dining out. Finally he wore himself out. He had not intended to go home, but instinct dropped him on his doorstep, handed him the right key from his key ring.

As he opened the door a sudden calm of resolution, of common sense, came over him. After all, Arlyn was his wife. He would tell her and she'd soothe him with the balm of her sympathy. In the course of conversation she would doubtless explain the affair of last night and then they could start over fresh with a nice, clean slate of understanding.

Don arrived then at a momentary understanding of the fact which the husband of every attractive woman must learn—namely: That for the first ten years of his life he has to hold his title against all comers, has to hold the title with all handicaps against him, and only one thing in his favor, the legal tie. The editor of the heart to heart column in the newspaper is forever advising the husband to try to recover the sweetheart attitude toward his wife—to say it with horticulture, so to speak—but how can he? It is sort of silly after all to send out a messenger with ten dollars' worth of hot-house blooms to a lady you have just had breakfast with, especially with her lingerie bill lying unpaid on your desk.

NO! The struggle to stay married nowadays is a grim fight requiring much patience, forbearance, and courage. A wise husband has to realize his handicaps and fight all the harder because of them. He might as well admit that the chief stimulant of sex interest is not his. He no longer arouses his wife's curiosity—she knows how he will react to every stimulant. He cannot thrill her with the passion in his own voice unless he is a consummate actor, and he cannot get away from the fact that in his family at least he is the prototype of the stern parent, of the schoolmaster, of the policeman, of the speed cop, and of the federal dry officer. And you know how popular those prohibition institutions are.

Don, his mind cleared by an inspired grasp of the limitations which beset him, climbed the stairs to their room.

But Arlyn was not there. Instead there was a note for him.

> Scotty, dear: Roy is giving a toboggan party at Hunter's Hill. When you get home come on over. ARLYN.

The red flashed once more. Where was her much vaunted intuition? Why hadn't some spirit whispered in her ear that here was one time she should have stayed at home?

He was just about to leave the house once more and go to the hotel for the night when he heard the front door open. So, instead, he undressed swiftly and got into

bed. He pretended to be asleep.

From down below gay voices came up to him. He heard Arlyn ask them all in for cocktails and sandwiches, heard the merciful refusal of the gang as they departed. He closed his eyelids when she opened the door of their room.

Later, when he thought she was quite convinced of his slumbers, he opened his lids a little. Arlyn had on white golf knickers, white woolen stockings, white scarf and cap, but a vermilion sweater. What a splash of vivid beauty she was!

Her wind-stung beauty only made him unhappily angry though. The opening words of conference which were on his lips died when he saw the smile with which she was regarding her reflection in the mirror. She was happy, had had a triumphantly good time that evening. Well—let her have it.

He stayed in the pretense of sleep.

The next morning she was full of conversation about the tobogganing, so much so that his assumed cheerfulness, which was not really very good acting, seemed to get by without criticism.

So he did not tell her about losing his position. It hurt to have failed. His idea was to get another position first and then pour out the story—never to let her know that he was not so wonderful as she had always thought.

But Don could not get another position. He had heard that there was a slump in the building program, but it had not crossed his consciousness as anything which would affect him personally. Now he was finding out how good his job with George H. Webb & Co. had been. All contractors and architectural engineers were cutting down their forces, not adding to them. Several concerns offered to take him on as soon as business conditions improved, but regretted that now they had to favor old employés.

Don stubbornly refused to tell Arlyn about it. Pride and the instinct to shield her were the component parts of his determination to see it through alone. Besides he had an unworthy suspicion in his mind that her love for him might weaken if she discovered that he was not standing up well by comparison with the men they knew—his potential rivals according to the modern rules of matrimony.

But Arlyn finally found it out for herself. At a tea one afternoon someone asked her if Don had left Webb & Co. to go into business for himself or if he was planning some other connection.

Arlyn sat still as a mouse, thinking fast. For once she had been shocked into a swift, instinctive defense of her family as an institution. Then she laughed, "He hasn't quite decided yet. Mr. Webb is very anxious to have him come back, but Don is considering one or two other propositions."

Arlyn sat still as a mouse, thinking fast. For once she had been shocked into a swift, instinctive defense of her family as an institution.

For the first time Arlyn had an inkling of understanding of Don's code. She knew why he had not told her and knew, because he had not told her, that she had been indirectly the cause of his misfortune. Her funny little child heart contracted with a sudden spasm of tenderness for the harsh, tongue-tied man who adored her.

COMBINED with her first understanding was the desire to make right whatever she had done. She thought she knew just what to do. It seemed like an inspiration.

Don was late and tired when he arrived at home. His mail as usual he found on a table in the reception hall. Mostly bills. He sneered as he ran through the envelopes. One bore the return card of George H. Webb & Co. He wondered absently what that might be as he climbed the stairs wearily to their room. Arlyn was not there. He called down to the maid.

"Mrs. MacLean has not telephoned," she told him.

"Damn," he muttered. Everything else was forgotten in this new annoyance. Why couldn't his wife ever be there when he needed her?

It was two hours later when she arrived. By that time dinner had been ordered away uneaten by the man who was walking the floor in an agony of apprehension.

She came to him all vibrant with sympathy and bursting with good news.

"Kiss me, Scotty; I've done something at last to help you."

He held her off. "Done something? What?"

"I've got your job back for you, dear. Everything is going to be all right."

"What do you mean? How did you——"

"I went to see Roy about it. His father worships him, you know, and Roy once asked me to let him do something for me some time. He says he can fix it for you first thing in the morning."

"You went to see Roy to ask him to do a favor for me? Where did you see him?"

"Why," she faltered, "at his apartment. We had a wonderful talk about you. Don, what's the matter? Don't look at me like that."

Her husband had pushed her away. "My God!" was all he said.

Then he looked at her, not seeing the quivering lip, the pleading eyes. And struck her!

"Get out!" he snarled. "Get out of this house! Get out quickly before I do something I'll be sorry for. Go back to him and tell him to leave town before I kill him. Go! Go!"

HE was bundling her toward the door. He opened it and closed it in her face and bolted it. The oak panel of shattering misunderstanding stood between them. On either

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTEEN]

side of it stood the two most miserable people in the world.

"Don!" she cried. "Scotty! I was trying to help."

No answer! Finally she turned away.

Hard-faced Scotch Presbyterians, stern, just, exacting men, stood about in black, ghostly ranks applauding the thing that their descendant had done. "Woman's place is in the home," they chanted over and over again.

"Yes," Don concurred, "woman's place is in the home. When a woman forgets her destiny she forfeits her place and all the rights to protection that it implies."

Arlyn had humbled him in the eyes of the man he hated. She had made little of her own husband by asking a favor for him from an admirer who would expect his price. Don gritted his teeth. Was he to be the first of the MacLeans who could not take care of his own? Had he sunk so low that his woman thought she had to go out and beg for him?

"What are you going to do about it?" demanded his ancestors.

"I don't know what to do." Don strode the floor and answered his accusers out loud.

"A MacLean and doesn't know what to do?" jeered the black company. They laughed and cast derisive glances at the claymore which hung against the MacLean background on the wall. "Doesn't know what to do!"

Don knew what they meant, and he fought it off. Fought off the red fog that had entered the room, that was seeking to swallow him up.

"You know what to do," prompted the grim ancestry. "Why don't you do it?"

"I will." Don climbed on the seat of a divan and snatched the sword from the walls. It fitted his hand, he swung it about his head.

Outside it was snowing heavily. Besides, it was late. Therefore the spectacle of a young man walking rapidly down the street with a sword in his hand did not arouse comment. Anyone who saw him probably thought it was an umbrella which he had elected not to put up.

He called first at Roy Webb's apartment. When the servant answered the door bell Don held the claymore behind him. No, Mr. Webb was not in. He had gone to a fancy dress party at the Century Club.

Don hailed a taxi outside of the apartment building. He drove to the club.

NO one made any comment as he entered the building with his claymore grasped firmly by the hilt. The doorman and everybody else supposed that he expected to put on the rest of his costume in a dressing room.

Some of the men guests kidded him about it.

"Hey, Scotty, bob your panties."

"Hoot mon; where are your bonnie knees?"

Don paid no attention to them whatever. He went to the door of the ballroom, a riot of color and music, and scanned the floor anxiously for his wife in the arms of her lover.

He felt sure that wherever there were lights and gayety he would find the two. But she was not there. Neither, he was forced to admit, was Roy Webb.

He went to the hallman on duty. "Is Mr. Webb in the building?"

"He was here, but he left hurriedly."

"Someone called him by telephone?"

"Yes, sir."

"A woman?"

"Yes, sir. I answered the telephone myself."

"Where did he go, do you know?"

The man hesitated.

"Yes, sir, I do know. I heard him give the directions to his chauffeur."

"Where was it?"

"I don't know that I ought to tell, sir. He seemed very agitated."

"Tell, damn you. It may mean life or death."

The hallman was evidently impressed by his vehemence. "He told the chauffeur to drive to Keene & Cosgrove's Morgue."

III.

TWO meeting tidal waves of emotions surged up in Don's breast. For a moment he was tossed high by their conflict. Then he steadied and headed back on the course again. The momentary chill apprehension had turned his mind from the fixed purpose to kill Roy Webb as soon as possible, but now he let redoubled rage drive him forward.

"Call a taxi for me," he ordered, and threw himself into the car when it appeared.

"Keene & Cosgrove's Morgue," he directed.

And he laughed to himself ironically.

That would be a fitting place for a finish. He wondered if anybody had ever been killed in a morgue before. It seemed a convenient idea.

Ten minutes brought him there. Without paying the chauffeur Don dashed, sword in hand, into the office.

"Has a man by the name of Webb just come in here?" he asked of the attendant.

"I don't know his name, but a young man just arrived to see if he could identify the body of the lady who drowned herself."

"Where is he? Where is she?"

"Do you think you know her, too?"

"Yes, yes. Which way?"

The attendant indicated a door. Don passed through it into the dimly lit slab room.

Ahead of him was Roy Webb and another man, presumably an employé. They were approaching a slab on which was a sheeted figure, the only one at present in the room.

The attendant was talking. "This woman was brought in from the fire tug Waterwitch about half an hour ago. She must have jumped into the river off the Market Street bridge."

Don stepped up to the other side of the slab.

The attendant paused with the edge of the sheet in one hand. "You think you know this woman, too?"

"Perhaps," Don replied briefly, taking a firmer grip on his sword. "And if I do——" He did not finish the sentence, but snatched the sheet from the attendant's hand and threw it back. The nearly nude body of a girl lay on the slab.

It was no one that Don knew. But such was not the case with Roy Webb. He was a young man who seldom showed emotion, but now he was obviously profoundly moved.

"My God! She did it!"

"Ah!" The exclamation that became a stifled groan came from the doorway.

Don turned to see. A man stood there, pale, disheveled, but permeated some way with a calm that held in its leash all the violent emotions of which human beings are capable.

He was gray, recently so, as if it were a change which had come over night. He was rather small, too, not so very prepossessing except by virtue of his heroic grief, and he did not hold himself so very straight as he walked. He was walking now, straight toward the marble slab and its surrounding group.

For a moment he gazed at the pallid figure on the slab. Then he started to gather it up into his arms.

"Here," said the attendant, "you can't do that."

"But I can," the man declared. "This is my wife. She belongs to me. I was too stubborn to take her back when she was alive. We had to break our hearts first before we realized that nothing else mattered."

Roy started to claim his attention. "I am sorry——"

The little man with the flimsy, wrecked burden in his arms stopped him some way, not by a tangible gesture, but effectively none the less. "You, sir, were merely an incident. I trust we shall never meet again."

There was so much suppressed dignity about the progress of this finally reunited couple toward the door that no one stopped them. It seemed rather fitting that he should carry her out into the snow that way, back to her woman's place in the home. Don stood staring for a moment at the recently vacated marble slab, stared until there appeared on it another figure, a figure so lovely that the recent appeared grotesque by comparison.

With a cry, Don dropped his claymore, clattering, to the floor. Woman's place was in the home, yes, but more than that a wife's place is in the heart—and he, in his pride and egotism, had forgotten.

The taxicab took him home. Don did not know why he went there. It was a blind return to the magnet that held them both.

He dismissed the car and walked swiftly to his front steps. There he stumbled over something, a huddled figure covered with slush and snow. Don picked her up, grateful that the body was still limp, not like that one that——

"Beloved, beloved," he cried, "I'm so glad that you came back."

"My dear," she whispered faintly, "I haven't been away."

That was all. The doctor said it was pneumonia and he did not hold out much hope. She had been subjected to exposure too long.

But doctors do not always know everything. How could Doctor Rushton know, for instance, that Don MacLean had learned at last the charge that is laid upon those who care "to love, honor, and hold the one you love against all comers, even death"? Nor could he know that the hurt soul of Arlyn could not go until it had struggled back to find if Don were really there.

SO in the course of time the congestion went away and one day she fluttered back to him. "I've never been away," she whispered, this time knowing what she said.

Before she was able to leave her bed Don received a telephone call one day and answered it right there in the sick room.

It was George H. Webb. "Are you going to answer my letter?" he asked.

"What letter?" Don asked.

"The one I wrote you the day after you walked out of my office. I got that athletic club contract on a guess bid and the reputation of the company. Now I need you to go on with the plans. What say?"

Don struggled for a second with his pride. If this were Roy's doings—— What if it were? But it couldn't be because he remembered the letter now. It had come the day that he and Arlyn had had their trouble and had lain unopened in his pocket ever since.

Don made up his mind. "I'll be back, sir. And thank you."

He told Arlyn, and concluded, "So I'm to build the new clubhouse after all."

Her eyes were shining. "I'm so glad, Don. And I'll get a real Paris gown from Roguet's for the opening."

Don looked at her a moment with a rising tide of emotion, and then he grinned as he swept her frail but dynamically vigorous young body into his lap.

"You bet, darling. And if it weighs over four ounces I'll rub it down with my ink eraser so that you won't stifle in it."

THE END

The CHRISTMAS TREE SHIP

By SIDNEY McNEILL SUTHERLAND

The Story of Chicago's Most Beautiful Tradition, Kept Ever Green on the Site of Its Greatest Tragedy

Mrs. Barbara Schuenemann in the midst of the spruce and balsam trees which her little schooner, Fearless, brings every Christmas from the Northern woods to gladden the hearts of young and old at Yuletide. Left—The Fearless at its Chicago dock.

THERE is a spot in Chicago which is at once the site of the city's greatest tragedy and the scene of its most beautiful tradition. Pedestrians crossing the dilapidated structure called the Clark Street Bridge often pause at its southwestern end and gaze at the narrow, crumbling sidewalk that runs along the bank and passes for a dock. It is a melancholy place. Oil streaked water moves sluggishly, débris laden, backward from the lake; it laves the rotting piles with a foul caress and nibbles at the tilting foundations of a row of repellent red brick buildings that teeter crazily along the river edge.

Across the stream tower giant wholesale warehouses, and in the distance, east and west, are the misty outlines of many bridges.

Over everything hangs blinding, stifling bituminous smoke belched from a thousand stacks and chimneys. It drifts and writhes and envelops like a dirty shroud; it is the sooty twilight of a lazy city, a never absent testimonial to a dearth of civic self-respect. Buildings, shipping, railroads, gas plants, each is generous in its murky contribution to Chicago's noontime dusk.

And above, below, and all about are the tympanum rending noises of the waterfront. Cobblestone and switch frog, steamboat and truck backfire, elevated and surface clank, shouts and oaths and poultry pandemonium—all the bedlam of a growing metropolis unashamed of its lusty unrestraint—echoes and reëchoes along the cañon of the river.

Here it was, in the smoke and turmoil and stench, that the town huddled one early, dirty morning in June of 1915, to watch the rowboats and the divers bring up the bodies of eight hundred and twelve men and women and children, catapulted into the river when the steamboat Eastland turned on its side under the weight of a crowd of Western Electric Company employés excursion bound.

Here, too, it is that the tender saga of the town's most precious memory is told. Lips have tightened there for nearly forty years, and eyes have blinked with tears as salty as those the Eastland caused—but with this difference: smiles have trembled behind those narrowed eyes and tautened lips. And this is Chicago's loveliest romance.

In a late November day of 1884 a little schooner furled its sails at the mouth of the river, hailed a tow, and presently was lashed to the dock. It was a newer sidewalk then.

Early passersby halted on the bridge and stared down in amazement; from jib to tiny cabin aft were piled hundreds of Christmas trees—little ones for a baby's single candle, larger ones to hold a family's gifts, and big ones to fix a Sunday school's attention.

A boy about thirteen years old was tacking up a canvas sign:

THE CHRISTMAS TREE SHIP.
MY PRICES ARE THE LOWEST.
HERMAN SCHUENEMANN.

The news ran along the town. City editors sensed a feature and reporters went down the stairs, leaped aboard, and asked the boy for Mr. Schuenemann.

The story lost nothing when they learned the lad, an orphan from Wisconsin, living with an elder brother, had conceived the idea, rented a relative's schooner and crew, and brought the vessel from the icy forests of the Michigan Peninsula laden with Christianity's most loving symbol. By Christmas the cargo was sold—the pretty idea and the modest prices had captivated the people.

"I'll be back next year," said Herman to the last group of purchasers.

"And bring some wreaths and holly and shrubbery," a Sunday school teacher rejoined.

The following year Herman again disposed of his wares long before the profiteers around the corner on South Water Street—the city's market place—had sold theirs.

The Christmas Tree Ship became a Chicago institution. The years slid past, and every year, in November, the tree ship was towed up the river to its berth at the Clark Street Bridge. Herman grew older, as did his little customers, and men who of yore had begged the "skipper" for a baby shrub, came down the steps, shook hands with their friend, admired his new three-master, the Rouse Sim-

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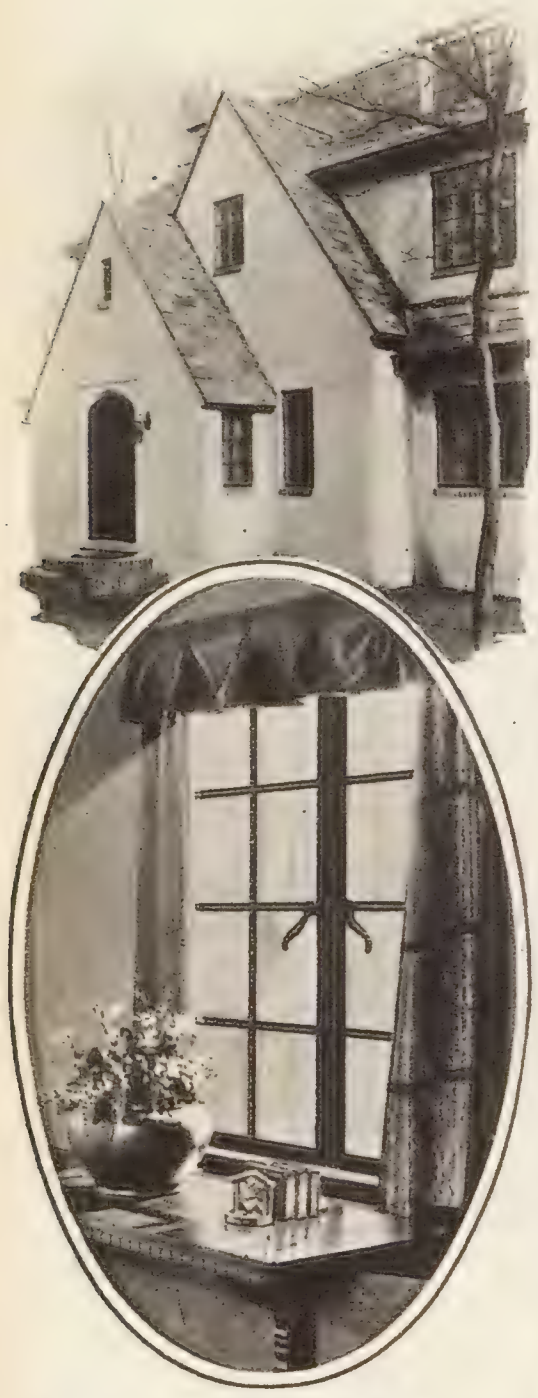

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mons, introduced their own babies, and bought the Christmas trees.

There was great and sincere rejoicing along the waterfront in 1897. Customers who came down to walk between the bundles and towering trees on deck were presented to a young woman, whose sparkling eyes and ruddy cheeks were a delicate accompaniment to the pealing laughter and arched chest with which the captain announced his marriage.

"This is Barbara, my wife," he said, ruddy with health and pride and happiness.

That year the customers came back, to shower gifts on the bride of their friend, and the children fetched toys, shyly and joyously showing their love for the Christmas tree man.

Babies came; first, Elsie, known thenceforth as the "Christmas Tree Ship Girl"; then, the next year, in 1900, the twins, Pearl and Hazel. Nor did the city editors forget, nor begrudge the space required by lengthening chronicles about the Schuenemann family and their vessel.

Bulky envelopes with that name are in the "morgues" of every Chicago newspaper, attesting to the hold the story had taken on Chicago's heart. And the last story they contain brought sorrow to many a home in the city.

THE captain died as he might have wished: On November 23, 1912, in a terrible storm, the Rouse Simmons with its crew of thirteen went down off Two Rivers, Wisconsin. And from that day to this no trace of the schooner has been found! Not a spar, or a corpse, or a shred of sail ever drifted ashore.

The Middle West rose as a man to help the widow of its beloved friend. Ships were taken off regular runs, dainty yachts were unleashed and sent out across the gray waters, and prominent men persuaded Uncle Sam to lend his revenue cutters to join in the search. For a week they combed the combers—in vain.

Then reporters went to the Schuenemann home in North Clark Street, where the widow met them with a shadowy smile.

"Thank Chicago for its offer to help," she said. "But tell them we are not in need. The home is paid for; there will be a few dollars left after the debts are paid; and I have my health. We will be all right. The captain would not wish me to take charity, no matter how kindly the donors."

"But what will you do later?" the reporters asked.. "Chicago wants to know your plans."

Oh, what bravery and honor and pride was there in the widow's smile!

"What will I do?" she echoed. "Why, I shall get another ship and bring the children their Christmas trees—just as the captain would wish me to do!"

The next year Mrs. Schuenemann had the usual 20,000 trees sent down from the Manistique region by railroad, and sold them on North Clark Street, as near the bridge as she could find a vacant store. But in 1914 she chartered the Fearless, and with her eldest daughter and a crew of ten went up to the snow packed forests. She supervised the men, and the ten lumberjacks who had worked so long for the captain, and she brought down the precious cargo.

MRS. SCHUENEMANN has never missed a year with her Christmas Tree Ship. Gray haired men, some of them the pillars of Chicago's business structure, now descend the rotting stairs, go aboard, and sit in the little cabin. They talk to the wrinkled woman with the calloused palms, and with Elsie, now married, of the forty years that have passed.

The reporters, some of them new to Chicago's sweetest tradition, some of them older than the "Mrs. Captain," are always on hand to welcome the old boat.

The fir and spruce boughs and the balsam and pine bring to the smoke and stench a fragrant breath from the knife-keen air of the Upper Peninsula, where the two women have tramped far inland to find the tree treasures. The woods are thinning out now, and the good trees have to be carted for miles to the water's edge. And the sharp winds slash the face and hands more bitterly than they did when the "Mrs. Captain" was younger.

"I'm getting old and tired," the widow said last Christmas. "We haven't very much. But nobody gave us a penny, and we owe no one. Elsie and the twins got a better education than their father or I ever had. The captain would like that. And as long as my strength lasts I shall bring the Christmas Tree Ship to Chicago every year. After me, maybe my daughters, or their children when they are born and grown, will do the same. The captain would have wished it."

And when, last Christmas Eve, the widow had sold her last bit of shrubbery, and the late night murmurs of the city seemed like silence after the voices of the day, she paused beside the rail, before turning out the lights.

She peered into the dark, oil-streaked, débris-laden river creeping past, as if she wondered whether the souls of the babies who went down to their death in the Eastland were hovering about the old Christmas Tree Ship, nodding their little heads and smiling with the wraith of the kindly captain who kept faith while he lived and carried on through his good widow after he had gone away.

THE END

The real truth about skin beauty

THERE is more misinformation in the matter of skin beauty than in almost any other field of women's interests. It is not, as many think, the surface layer of the skin that really determines its beauty. The under layers contain all the active forces, and the whole matter of skin beauty comes down to keeping these forces functioning normally.

That is why thousands of women have adopted the daily use of Resinol Soap for the toilet and bath. They have found that it *does* protect the skin against those outside influences—dust, soot, wind, germs, etc.—which interfere with its normal activity.

Absolutely pure, slightly fragrant, of a mild healthy freshness, Resinol Soap is coming more and more to take the place of the ordinary highly perfumed soap whose strong odor is only too often a cloak for mediocre quality and harmful ingredients.

Should blackheads, roughness, etc., appear, apply a little Resinol Ointment and see how quickly it clears them away. This soothing, healing ointment is a favorite in thousands of homes where experience has proved that it is unexcelled for the relief of itching, burning skin troubles. Your druggist sells the Resinol products.

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A REFORMED Hijacker Talks

By HIJACKER

REVENGE Is Sweet! Your Bootlegger May Not Be Sitting as Prettily in His Limousine as You Think He Is, for There Are Those Who Trim the Trimmers and Skin the Skinners. This Article Gives the Reminiscences of a Rum Pirate.

Pictures by
WALTER WHITEHEAD

I posed as the son of a rich man. Horn-rimmed spectacles were effective.

MAXIMS of a successful hijacker:

The boob bootlegger is always impressed by evidence of culture or affluence.

A quick getaway always beats a gunfight.

The only trouble is in getting hold of "good stuff"; delivery is no problem at all.

The champion hijacker of all is the shark. When a shark tears a big sea bass from your line while you are pulling him in—that's hijacking in its most perfect form.

A HIJACKER is a fellow who robs, swindles, or outsmarts a bootlegger. I am a hijacker. If the bottles of booze that we have taken from the so-called desperate rum runners and bootleggers could be linked into a chain it would make a handrail around the lower half of Manhattan Island.

I don't know the origin of the word hijacker. The first time I ever heard it was when a gang of fellows held up two bootleg trucks loaded with Scotch whisky coming out of Canada. Its meaning is clear, though. It thoroughly describes a pirate who preys on other outlaws.

I am sorry that I cannot point out a moral in this story. In fact, I cannot defend my acts in any way except, perhaps, in the love of adventure and sport which prompted many of them. I have quit hijacking because the game got too tough. Aside from the increasing danger, the hunting grounds are about worked out. The former boobs are getting too cagy.

My only excuse for agreeing to narrate these experiences is the same sense of humor that has led me into many odd escapades. I have read many bootlegging articles containing vague references to hijackers without giving the reader any definite idea as to what they are and how they operate. I honestly expect to give some of those we have trimmed a laugh. I am not posing as a Raffles, because I am not a society man of education and culture. I know my way about, though. I can also understand how that fellow Raffles must have had many a laugh. Nobody could go through all he did purely for gain.

The idea of hijacking was first suggested to me by a member of our gang known as "Steppie." He was a chauffeur and a speeder. The nickname was given to him through his constant desire to step on the gas. Often he had to.

ABOUT six weeks after prohibition went into effect nearly every boob, as well as the sharpshooters who live by their wits, in New York's so-called underworld, set out to be bootleggers. The crudeness of their work was a joke.

"Say," Steppie said to me one day in Brooklyn, "I've got an idea. All these boobs around here think they are going to trim the government, and they might get away with it, at that. Now, you know we can out-think them birds. So why not let them trim the government and then we'll trim them?"

Two or three of us were broke and shuffling around for a pickup here and there. We knew Steppie was about two months ahead of everybody else when it came to thinking up things. I strung along with him.

"There's an Italian up the street," Steppie said, "who runs a still in his cellar and wants to sell a barrel of whisky. He thinks I am a rich guy. Let's take him."

That started us. Without any definite plan whatever we hired a truck and drove up to the tenement house. Neither of us had more than twenty dollars and the whisky was to be turned over to us for five hundred dollars. The negotiations were brief. I was on the truck with the driver, and the first thing I knew the barrel of whisky came rolling out. The Italian helped us load it on our truck.

"All right," Steppie said to the moonshiner, "come on and we'll get your money, as long as you don't want a check."

I took this as the hint to beat it with the barrel, and did so. But I didn't know where to go. We drove that barrel of whisky around for three hours. I passed the haunts of Steppie several times, hoping to see him and get my cue, but nothing happened. Finally

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

I thought of a former saloonkeeper I knew near the old Brooklyn ball park. We drove up there and he agreed to let us put the barrel in his cellar. I paid the driver my twenty dollars for his trouble and then set out to find Steppie.

He had taken the Italian to a hotel and left him sitting in the lobby while he went in search of his "father," who had the money. For all I know, that Italian is sitting there yet. I found Steppie after dark.

"Danny says bring the barrel over to his cabaret in New York," he told me, "and he'll give us twelve hundred dollars for it."

We loaded up again and delivered the whisky, getting our money.

THAT will give you an idea of the crude methods used in early hijacking. In those days, you'll remember, there was no rum fleet outside the three mile limit (as it was then) and little whisky was being brought in.

We had to prey on the moonshiners, and we didn't like it because of the danger of somebody getting poisoned by bad stuff. Luckily for us nobody ever did. People got to where they wouldn't drink moonshine and that sort of business quickly died.

Our big harvest came when the boats began bringing the stuff in from Europe. By that time we had learned the tricks pretty well and were all set to outsmart the smart guys.

To show you what a short period—say, three years—of training in trimming bootleggers can do, I will jump ahead of my narrative and relate an instance of the finished art.

I am gifted with a rather pleasant address, they say, and I can appear both innocent and studious. Thus it became my rôle always to appear as the secretary or the son of some rich man who didn't want to be mixed up in the purchase of bootleg whisky. When receiving the bootleggers I always wore horn-rimmed spectacles, which were very effective. The rôle of son or secretary we found to be the best, unless it was the "rich man's chauffeur" who had been delegated to make all transactions, keeping the "boss" out of it.

One night on Broadway last winter I ran into a young fellow whose sister was married to a very wealthy man who owned a magnificent estate on the north shore of Long Island, near Great Neck. Bootlegging on Long Island, by the way, is easier than anywhere else, because all the foreign stuff is landed on the south shore and doesn't have to be carted through New York City.

This young fellow told me his brother-in-law had been very ill, and that his big estate and country home were closed for the winter; hadn't been occupied for four months, except by the caretaker, a German named Emil.

That casual bit of information was worth just five thousand dollars to Steppie and myself. We could have had more but for having to split so many ways.

The next day we got in a car and went out to see Emil; also to examine the grounds.

"Emil, I am the boss' new secretary," I told the stupid fellow, "and we want to have some liquor delivered here tomorrow night, and he wants you to keep mum. Understand?"

Emil did understand, especially when we explained that he would get two cases of the booze for his trouble in turning on the lights and helping to unroll the rugs.

I happen to know Emil's boss by sight, and I believe he would have had a good laugh had he known of our elaborate plan.

Steppie had a bootlegger rigged up who was eager to get in the fashionable trade. We have a girl pal who is a telephone operator and a crack stenographer. I'll call her Mamie. The new scheme appealed to her sense of adventure.

Mamie got her boss out of his office and fixed it so that I could receive the bootlegger there after five o'clock. I was sitting at a big mahogany desk inside, wearing my horn-rimmed spectacles, when the bootlegger, a foreigner, arrived. The grandeur of the place impressed him. I explained that I was the secretary for "Mr. Livingston," friend of Mamie's boss, and that I wanted the liquor delivered to my estate on Long Island.

"Boss, we have the best," he said, "and I know you only want the best."

I went over his list very carefully, selecting the most expensive brands and fighting him down on price. I almost got stewed sampling.

Finally I filled out an order for two hundred cases which were to be delivered to the estate the following night.

AS this had to be a real killing, we could afford to overlook no detail.

I knew we had to have a "Mr. Livingston" to give the scene dignity. While in a restaurant I saw Mr. Smith, a picturesque character who used to be a writer and also an actor. I went over and told him the whole scheme.

The humor of the project appealed to the writer-actor so that he agreed to sit in as "Mr. Livingston" and receive the callers. He would have nothing to do with the killing otherwise. He was interested, though, when I explained that he would come in for a split, if he would take it. Smith was always broke, or nearly so.

We got an elderly woman friend of Steppie's to pose as a matron, and Mamie was eager to go along as a débutante.

Mind you, not one of our gang had as much as ten dollars. Two hundred cases of liquor would be worth near ten thousand dollars. As to how we would settle with the bootlegger had not yet concerned us. Our wits, we figured, would take care of that.

The next day our whole gang, including the phony Mr. Livingston, the matron, a big truck and crew, and a big touring car, set out for our "estate." There we met Emil and spent the whole afternoon getting the stage set. We unrolled the rugs, tried the lights, fixed Mr. Livingston up with a reading lamp in his little study, and lighted a fire in the drawing room, so that the matron and the débutante would not get chilled. Emil looked at all this in wonder. If he was "on," he didn't let us know it. Later he became really interested.

With the coming of darkness we found a

Bootlegging on Long Island, by the way, is easier than anywhere else because all the foreign stuff is landed on the south shore and does not have to be carried through New York City.

butler's uniform in a closet, and it occurred to us that we would have to have a butler. We yanked a big Irishman off the truck and put the uniform on him, but he had the brightest tan shoes I ever saw. There being no other shoes available, we had to chance that. This fellow's rehearsal at his new job kept us amused while we worked.

Finally all was set, and we waited. About ten o'clock we heard a crunching on the gravel outside. I went out and met the bootlegger, who had come in a fine sedan car, with two trucks filled with booze following.

"My lord, man!" I exclaimed apprehensively. "You ought to have had more sense than to bring these trucks right down here, in sight of these other homes, without notice. Get 'em out of here as quickly as you can. Mr. Livingston would never stand for this!"

"All right, boss," he half whispered. "It won't take a minute to unload. I'll get 'em right out. And say, boss," he said in my ear, his face beaming, "I have brought two bottles of Scotch liquor—Old Buchanan—as a present for Mr. Livingston. He will be pleased."

"Wait a moment," I ordered. "I'll tell the boss you are here."

When we reported the arrival it suddenly occurred to Mr. Livingston that if the bootlegger brought in the present, naturally he would have to take a drink with him. To our consternation, we couldn't find a drinking glass in the whole house. This was a predicament! We searched every nook and corner, even the bathrooms, but there were no glasses. Finally we found a goblet and an empty jelly glass.

We had to act quickly. Mr. Livingston worked out a scheme by which he would give the bootlegger a drink out of the goblet, as if it had been used for water, and that he would conceal the jelly glass in his hand so that it would not be noticed when he took his drink.

The bootlegger was ushered in. At the sight of the matron and the débutante he bowed and scraped awkwardly. The magnificence of the place had him at our mercy.

"Step right into the study," I whispered to him. "Mr. Livingston will see you there."

Our distinguished Mr. Livingston looked up from his book and smiled graciously on his visitor, making him feel a little at ease.

"This is a present, boss," said the man, showing the two bottles.

"Ah, So-So!" exclaimed the dignified boss, unctuously. "And now we must have a drink."

"It is not necessary," said the man. "I want you to enjoy it."

Just the same, the drink was had.

"You have delivered everything?" inquired Mr. Livingston. "And it is all checked up?"

"It is, boss, and you have a great bargain. It is wonderful old——"

"All right, my man. See my secretary, and he will attend to everything."

We went outside, and there I met Steppie, who had come up with a check, all filled out.

"It's all checked off," he said to me. "And here's the dough."

I HAD to turn to laugh when I looked at that check. It wouldn't have fooled a child under a good light. But we were working fast.

"I'm afraid you don't know us very well," I suggested to the bootlegger. "Perhaps I had better get in the car with you and drive to New York and get the money in cash. It won't be much trouble."

"Oh, no, no, boss!" he protested. "I wouldn't think of letting you do that. It would be an insult to Mr. Livingston. His check is gold with me. Let me be going."

And he hurried away.

In a jiffy we had most of the whisky piled into our truck, which stood in the shrubbery. What was left over we piled into our touring car after giving Emil two cases.

"If anybody comes back here," I said to Emil, "keep them off the place. They may know this stuff has been brought here and will be robbers."

"I know, boss," he said, "and I know how to keep my mouth shut, too."

We were eager to get away quickly. The crew rushed to the truck and—it wouldn't start! Try as they would, they couldn't start it.

After working on it for an hour and a half we finally decided to take what we could in the passenger car and come back for more. Just then the motor started. We got away clean, taking the entire consignment of booty into New York, where we disposed of it at forty-five dollars a case. We had made arrangements for

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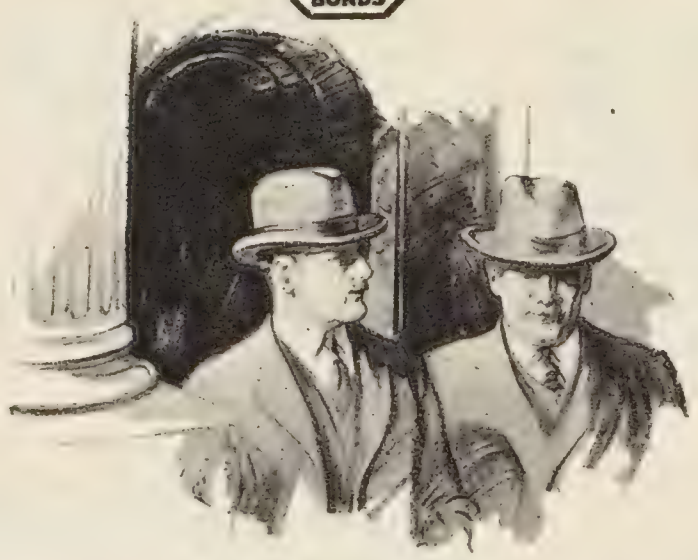

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the sale in advance, and the stuff was stored in a New York garage until we could make deliveries.

I have learned since that the bootlegger never did go back to the estate, mainly because he couldn't find the way again.

We learned from Emil that not a "robber" ever showed up. Naturally this was such a good plant that we had to use it a second time. It was a small haul—only sixty cases.

THE owner of that place, I have found out, never did return to the estate. On account of illness, he sold the place and went to Florida. Still, we could not afford to take a third chance. The haul already was a topic of gossip among bootleggers.

Speaking of deliveries, I have noted with a smile many newspaper articles telling of the ingenious schemes used by bootleggers to deliver their stuff in New York. I never had any clever scheme and never had any trouble. Delivery is no problem at all.

Why, I have transferred a truckload of whisky into passenger cars right on Broadway, and not a question was asked.

There are two kinds of bootleggers, you know—the wholesalers and the jobbers. The jobbers buy it and deliver to individual customers at a comparatively small profit. The question of delivery never arises. Any business man in New York can telephone his bootlegger and have a case or two of whisky delivered to his office in an hour.

There is a lot of fun in trimming a fellow who thinks he is smart. Not so long ago my chauffeur, Steppie, and myself were being bothered by a so-called smart bootlegger—ninety per cent of them are foreigners—who thought my "father" wanted some cases of good whisky.

It occurred to us that we really could use about five cases. So I went to the most fashionable hotel in New York and got a room for my "father." Steppie, as chauffeur, had the bootlegger deliver the five cases to the room. He explained that I was in the main dining room having dinner alone.

Steppie locked the whisky in a closet and came down to see me. I was spending my last three dollars on the meal. All around me people in evening clothes were dining.

"Won't you sit down?" I said to the bootlegger. "I'll be through in a moment. Won't you have something to eat?"

"No, thank you, sir. I'll wait outside. The stuff is all up in your father's room."

"No, wait right here," I insisted. "I believe my father is out in the lobby now."

About enough time had elapsed to let Steppie load the whisky into our car outside, after taking it down the freight elevator.

"Just make yourself comfortable for a moment," I said, making it plain that my meal was only half finished, "and I'll catch him before he gets out. I don't want to delay your check."

"Oh, no," he said, "take your time."

The man had on a blue soft shirt and the other diners as well as the head waiter were looking at him curiously.

But I insisted on getting the check immediately. I went into the lobby and out to the car, where Steppie and I drove away.

And that bootlegger had prided himself on being the smartest one of his kind in New York. He had made a fortune out of it.

Now, you may wonder that we do not have a comeback to all this. You are probably thinking that some day I will get my head shot off. I haven't the least fear of that. In fact, I have run into one or two fellows that we have outwitted, but nothing serious ever happened. I have never used violence of any kind. I have had a gun pulled on me occasionally, but always I have managed to talk myself out of it.

"WHAT are you going to do with that?" I ask with a laugh at sight of the gun. "Say, fellow, you don't think for a minute that I'd risk getting shot up by folks like you, do you? If you knew me as well as I think you do, you know I'd never do a thing like that. I wouldn't have nerve enough. I'll say, though, that chauffeur of ours has nerve. Why, that fellow"—and so on. Always I professed to have been stung also. My innocent appearance usually gets me by. We have to be careful, though, not to take the same fellow twice.

Do you know that bootleggers have come so to recognize the depredations of hijackers that they figure a certain amount of loss that way as part of the overhead?

It also may have occurred to you that rum runners often turn hijackers and prey on each other. I have heard of honor among thieves, but I never have seen any of it.

The champion hijacker I ever have seen is the shark. One of our party caught a fifteen-pound sea bass and while dragging the fish to the boat a shark rose to the surface and bit it right off the hook. That is hijacking in its most perfect form. The principle of the thing is to skin the skinner.

Hijacking has the old gold brick game beaten four ways from the ace. It may strain your belief, but when I tell you that one gang of fellows made a half million dollars selling barrels of water for whisky to druggists, politicians, and so on, it is the truth.

THE END

MAKING or BREAKING a SALESMAN

Many a Firm Moans Over Its Inability to Get Good Salesmen, When the Trouble Is in the Boss' Office

By

S. K. ATZ

Pictures by HAROLD T. DENISON

When he has found his man he should make the right kind of proposition.

MANY a salesman has been blackjacked by the house that employed him. Many a good salesman with every potential element of success has had the "skids" put under him by the stupid, unbusinesslike, and inefficient methods of the man who hired him. Many an excellent salesman has taken what looked like a promising job and found he had nothing to sell but bunk.

It is the constant cry of the manufacturer that he cannot get good salesmen. I disagree with him. There are many good salesmen to be had, but there are a great many manufacturers who do not know what to do with a good man and when they do get him they are themselves so unfamiliar with the proper manner of conducting a business that they wreck the efforts of every salesman they employ.

The good salesman will often be forced to drift around before he finds the connection which is in itself efficient as a going business, and thus gives him the opportunity to show his mettle. The two, then, the good salesman and the efficient business house, grow together. The complaining manufacturer has as a rule only himself to blame when a good salesman leaves his employ.

Many manufacturers approach the salesman question from a distorted and erroneous viewpoint. They know so little of the selling angle of their business that they flounder around in a mess of unessentials, which they mistakenly think are the important elements. Here are some typical questions asked by such a manufacturer of a prospective salesman:

"How much do you think you can sell this year?"

"Who do you sell in Albany—Buffalo—Cleveland?"

"How much does it cost you to travel?"

"Will you take the line on straight commission?"

"Will you pay your own expenses?"

"Will you make a three weeks' trial trip?"

As business is done today a vast percentage of all goods is sold through salesmen; therefore the salesman must be considered a very important cog in the wheels of commerce and yet the manufacturer makes propositions to the salesman which he would not dare make to any other employé.

Would he hire a shipping clerk and ask him to pay for the paper and twine? This is on a par with asking a salesman to pay his traveling expenses. If the manufacturer has so little confidence in the man he is negotiating with, as to hesitate to advance his traveling expenses, that in itself should be an ample warning to drop the man and look for another in whom he can place entire confidence.

If the manufacturer has so little confidence in his own product that he is afraid to risk the cost of traveling expenses on it, that should be additional warning that there is something radically wrong with his line and that it needs immediate correction.

What is the use of asking a prospective salesman how much he can sell? A salesman is no prophet and any figure he may surmise may be as wide of the mark he reaches as the north is from the south pole. The honest salesman will say he does not know, but that answer will not please the manufacturer who likes to revel in big figures, even though he knows they are fanciful; therefore the manufacturer induces the applicant to make exaggerated guesses and then feels sore because he falls far short of the stated amount of sales.

WHOM do you sell in Albany? Does he want the salesman to admit that he sells no one in Albany, or does he want a bunch of lies? How is he going to prove that the salesman is telling the truth? Suppose the salesman did sell the three best accounts in Albany for his old house. Does it necessarily follow that he can switch them to the new one?

What inducement is there in it for the man to make a three weeks' trial trip? Any experienced salesman knows that a trip of that kind is likely to be a failure. A new combination of house and salesman always meets with difficulties at the start. Very few salesmen make an initial trip pay and the manufacturer who hires salesmen with such expectations is throwing his money to the winds.

While the past record of a salesman must be carefully inquired into, the volume of his sales is not the principal thing that counts. You must find out why he succeeded or why he

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failed. Then determine if he has sales ability suited to your type of business. He may be a wonder in selling advertising specialties and a complete failure in selling hosiery.

Has he a likable manner? Something that will make his customers glad to see him on each succeeding trip. Is he intelligent? How is his health? Is his general personal appearance such that it will attract, rather than repel? Will he keep working on his job? Does he know that selling goods is mostly a "job of work," day after day, from morning to night?

FIRST of all, let the manufacturer find the man he wants and the one who appears to have the qualifications adapted to his particular business and then make an investment in this man in the same manner that he would invest in merchandise. He cannot take a lot of goods on a three weeks' trial — he must buy it and sell it.

When he has found his man he should make the right kind of a proposition — give him a contract, the usual period of one year; give him a drawing account, advance his expenses, tie it all up with some kind of a commission proposition so there is the incentive to work persistently and steadily.

Then your salesman goes out with the right spirit in him; he is not worrying about making good on a three weeks' trial trip; he knows he is with a real he-man sort of house that has placed confidence in him and he is going to work for you and repay this trust by wholesome, conscientious effort.

But, Mr. Manufacturer, this is only the beginning—you can make or break this salesman and, coincidentally, make or break yourself.

Your salesman must be backed up to the limit. The territory you assign to him must be his, wholly and completely—no ifs, ands, or buts about it.

Many manufacturers make the mistake of assigning territory to a salesman and holding out a few choice accounts, which they call house accounts, and though it is done with full acquiescence on the part of the salesman, he is sure to feel that he ought to have these accounts, being on his territory, and it will rankle him more than the whole thing is worth. It will always be a sore spot with him, so that it would be better policy to give him the commissions derived from these accounts as an encouragement, and thus give him a one hundred per cent territory.

The salesman should receive a complete itemized statement of his account at least once a month (once a week is still better, if bookkeeping facilities will permit it), carefully showing all reorders and orders that come in from his assigned territory. Do not make the mistake of holding out an item, for some technical reason or other, for these are the kind of tactics that break the salesman's morale and also your pocketbook.

Remember, the salesman is your personal representative. He is your point of contact with the buyer. Let him settle all controversies that may arise between you and his customers. He is in close touch with the conditions and the human element in the transaction and can probably make a better adjustment with less friction than the house can.

Have your salesman thoroughly posted on all correspondence with his accounts. See that he gets copies of all letters, orders, and shipments. Whenever possible, let him dictate the letters to his own trade.

"Bang Brothers! Why, I wouldn't buy from that bunch of crooks if they were the last house on earth."

MANY manufacturers make the serious mistake of expecting a salesman to accomplish things almost beyond reason.

For instance, in many concerns the boss himself does some selling. He will take orders at a lower price than the salesman has on his list and then he will strut about the office and tell the salesman about the big order he took from Goof & Company and wants to know why the salesman can't do the same. But what he fails to tell the salesman is that he sold Goof & Company almost without profit, or that he has a private understanding with Goof & Company whereby he allows them to take an extra discount equal to the salesman's commission.

All these little knocks react badly on the salesman's effectiveness, and usually result in the salesman's resignation.

Nor do shady transactions of this kind benefit the house in the long run. The buyer knows that you are crooked and expects that kind of thing all the time and no matter what salesman you send to him he will not deal with him.

Let me tell a brief story of the rise and fall of Bang Brothers. George and Ed are not the real names, but the story is true. I am thoroughly conversant with the history of this concern. They had a hectic six years' rise in which they built a business of a half million dollars annually and then when they reached the zenith of their efforts, it took only two years for a short and snappy demise.

They pioneered in a branch of the women's garment industry. Ed was the manufacturer and George was an eat-'em-alive, go-getter, high-pressure salesman. Neither was a sound business man. Their initial success was due to their being early in a growing field, with limited competition. Their final failure was caused by vastly increased competition by well-managed, square-dealing business concerns, which grew slowly but surely while Bang Brothers were committing every crime known in the business category.

Bang Brothers tore down as fast as they built up. If they had been fond of mottoes they would have emblazoned their walls with the following:

"Get business—it makes no difference how you get it—but get it."

"Here is our price list—but it does not mean anything."

"We answer letters every second Monday of the month."

"Our customers are always wrong."

"We never make mistakes—we're too busy."

"If they order five dozen—ship 'em ten."

"Orders to be shipped on specified dates will never be more than three months late."

"We pay no attention to claims, returns, or cancellations."

"Substitution is our best bet."

"Our customers are color blind—anything goes."

"Never ship anything as ordered—it may create a false impression."

"Send nasty collection letters on the slightest pretext."

"Be independent—insult the buyers early and often."

The poor salesman!

HERE is the story of one I know about. A good salesman but he did not know the internal condition of Bang Brothers. He saw their advertisement in a Sunday paper—"Wanted for Pennsylvania. Apply Monday A. M."

He knew Bang Brothers to be a big concern. He wanted the job, applied for it, and got it. Bang Brothers were good enough sports—too good. They gave him all he asked for in a one year contract. He was happy—at last, a big job.

After a little preliminary conversation, George Bang, the go-getter, asked, "Jones, when can you leave?" Jones pondered a minute and said, "Next Sunday. I'll have to get acquainted with the line. I'll work on it the remainder of the week, so as to be thoroughly posted."

"Won't do," said George. "You will have to get out tomorrow night. We've got to have hustlers around this place—if you can't make it, the deal is off." Jones agreed, for he wanted the job, but he knew that such a course was wrong.

Tuesday morning was spent in packing two trunks full of samples for Jones, nearly one hundred separate women's garments in the line. Jones tried to absorb as much of the details as possible during the process of packing. When he arrived in Pittsburgh Wednesday morning the line was just a confused hodge-podge in his mind.

Before leaving, Go-Getter Bang handed him a list of customers saying, "Here, Jones, is some sure-fire stuff. Every one good for a big order. All old customers."

Jones felt grateful for this list, and after breakfast called on sure-fire prospect Number One. Here is what he got. "Bang Brothers! Why, I wouldn't buy from that bunch of crooks if they were the last house on earth." Jones was off to a fine start!

Nearly the entire list given to Jones held similar sentiments about Bang Brothers. Before long Jones was one of the most disillusioned salesmen that ever scratched an order. A good man, but knocked cold by the suicidal business methods of his house.

Jones stuck his year out, soon more interested in looking for a new job than in fighting Bang Brothers' continuous battles. It wasn't Jones' fault that he lost, because Jones made good the year after with other people in the same line and that was the year Bang Brothers blew up.

Now, there are a lot of such firms in business. They may not have all of the faults that this concern plead guilty to, but they have enough to handicap any salesman who undertakes to sell their line.

Here are some elementary mistakes these houses make in the treatment of salesmen, which causes them to lose out on even the most capable salesman they may hire:

Sending men out to sell without a full knowledge of their product.

Insufficient and improper sample equipment.

Lack of attention to salesmen's correspondence.

Insufficient traveling expenses, causing salesmen to worry about this and often losing time waiting for funds which are not sent promptly.

Lack of support given to arrangements and promises made by salesmen to buyers.

Calling a man home because he has had a bad week.

Expecting a salesman to get more than the market value for merchandise.

Expecting a salesman to make a wonderful record on the first trip—many trips are required to build up a business.

Failure to keep the salesman thoroughly posted on all things that transpire between the house and his customers.

Letting him waste his time on accounts you can't ship for credit reasons.

Failure to give whole-hearted support to salesmen at all times. Don't send crabbing, complaining letters to the man on the road. He may be full of enthusiasm for the day's work and when he gets your letter with his breakfast you knock him flat.

One of the essentials in the building of a successful salesman is the continuity of calls on the same buyer at frequent intervals. This applies, of course, to the average type of mercantile business where the real profit and volume are derived from getting the line placed and then building up repeat business. In certain specialty lines where only one sale is to be made an entirely different method is in vogue and very likely a different type of salesman would be wanted.

After you have picked the man in whom you are willing to place your confidence keep him at it, going over the same territory and calling on the same buyers, just as often as the nature of your business will permit. He will sell some the first trip, more the second, and still more the third. The longer you keep him going, the more valuable your investment in the man will become. If, however, you fire him after his first or second trip because he has not made a killing for you, it is only throwing your good money away and destroying what he has begun to build up, and the next man may be even less profitable.

BUYERS lose respect for a house that makes frequent changes in its sales force. They sense something wrong somewhere and consequently give scant attention to these ever changing representatives. They will probably discourage your salesman by their perfectly innocent and natural remark, "What! another man representing Bunkem & Company?" The salesman is licked before he presents his case.

You may at times be compelled to discharge a man who has proved hopelessly incompetent, or for some other cause. This is bound to happen occasionally, but if the man you have is only fifty per cent good, try to help him along. It will probably be a better investment in the long run than forever trying another and another.

One final thought, Mr. Manufacturer. Treat your customers and your salesman one hundred per cent right and most of your troubles will vanish. Do this and you and your salesman will go over the top together—do otherwise and you are down and out. A good salesman can easily get another job—but it is very hard to get back your business, once it is lost.

He will strut out of the office and tell the salesman about the big order.

The other side of this interesting question of the business relations between the salesman and the manufacturer—that of the employer—will be presented in an early issue.

Picking a WIFE *from a* Picture

THE Story of 2,000 Brides-to-Be Who Arrived at Ellis Island from Europe Last Year to Marry Men Who Had Never Seen Them and Whom They Had Never Seen.

By RICHARD ADAMS

Pictures by WILLY POGANY

THE PRIEST announced on Sunday that he would have something of utmost importance to every young unmarried girl and their mothers to say on the following evening, and that he hoped they would all come to listen to his message.

And all the girls, guessing and properly blushing, and their mothers, all a-twitter, departed, resolved that nothing short of death would absent them. The priest had said nothing but just that; he had spoken very solemnly. But a woman's mind is quick at such things, and everybody knew what had happened a year before when he had made a similar announcement.

It was a delightful prospect, not free from misgivings and possible danger, all of which made it the more soul-tickling to contemplate. Most of the girls were already a little frightened, but all of them went to bed, not to sleep but to dream awake of the possible future.

One or two of them, perhaps a little bolder than the others, stole to their rooms and secretly slipped on lace bonnets from which fell long, white veils. Such daring ones viewed the result in mirrors and hummed airs. Who could tell what might happen?

"I have here five letters," said the priest, when the maidens assembled, the following evening. "There is one from Michael Braun. How many of you remember Michael Braun?"

A flurry of headshakings. But the good man reminded them that Michael was the son of John and Yurka Braun, who went to America twenty years before, taking with them a baby—Michael. Ah, that was different! More and greater excitement. To be sure, the mothers remembered John Braun and Yurka, his wife. A good man, John Braun. And Yurka, a fine woman.

"Michael Braun," said the priest, simple soul, "is no longer a baby. He is a young man—a fine young man who works in a hotel and gets wages unheard of here. Sometimes forty American dollars a week, and that is many thousands of our *kronen*.

The end of the journey—a picture bride and her husband-to-be arrive at the New York home. International Photo

"And I have four more letters. There is one from Hans Zombor, a friend of Michael Braun. He works in a factory and makes thirty American dollars every week. Still another friend Michael Braun writes that he is in business himself—a dealer in old iron and paper. He ten thousand dollars saved."

A long gasp from the women folks. Ten th sand what? Dollars? Perhaps it was not t Was this friend of Michael Braun one of th rich Americans?

"His name is Josef Sziget," read the pri "He was born in Budapest. That makes th of them. And here are brothers, also friends Michael Braun, Charles and Peter Banya. T are grocers in New York. My children, I h called you together because these young m desire to marry women of their own tongue. of them born in the old country here and al them prospering in America.

"Listen. I shall read you part of Mich Braun's letter:

"'We five,' he writes, 'would marry wo we understand and who understand us. I them of my native village of Bleskidvatz, convinced them that it was better that we sou brides there first, because it is a village and from the city and city ways. If Bleskidvatz not give us the brides we want, we shall Josef Sziget's parish, in Budapest, becaus have agreed that we shall give both the city the village at least one equal chance. An nothing is forthcoming from Josef Sziget's ish, we shall try Hans Zombor's home, Olm But we shall marry Czechs only. The girls

"I have here five letters," said the priest, when the maidens assembled.

A fair immigrant from Holland.
International Photo

all for fine clothes and spending a man's
ney like crazy people.' "

he priest waves the women away. He will
tch developments, but it is now for the women
decide among themselves unless the contest
omes too bitter, when he will step in and make
isions.

And the village of Bleskidvatz is plunged into
echoslovakian excitement. Erzvicz, who travels
province in his cart, taking pictures, painting
ns, mending pots and pans, and teaching music,
ent for. He sets up his camera in the priest's
se, and with many quips and assurances that
h portraits will win millionaires, he photo-
phs twelve maidens of Bleskidvatz.

HEN the priest selects five of them. These five
are chosen for a variety of reasons. The father
siders, first, who should make the best wives—
d, strong, dutiful wives. Second, he leans
vard those whose families can best afford to
re the daughters. There is Marya Kzakacz,
example. She is the oldest of a family of
elve, and her father is very poor. It would
p were Marya married off.

Then he takes the personal desires of the girl
consideration. Does she want to make the
g trip to America? Is she eager to marry a
anger? Or would she rather take her chances
h some poor young farmer of the province?
consults with the mothers. And presently he
s selected five photographs—five girls—which are to be offered to Michael, Hans, Josef, Charles, and Peter.

Erzvicz has made an artist's job of his picture taking. In a month the mails fetch back letters from the five men, together with *their* photographs. The village of Bleskidvatz is foaming at the mouth. The young women are crimson with blushings. The combined giggles remind you of the tunings-up of the orchestra. Marya Kzakacz hurries to and from her work in the fields with a picture of Josef Sziget hidden in the bosom of her dress.

Is Josef handsome? Without bias we say that he is not. He is big and his face is square. His eyes are little and his mouth is enormous. As for his years—no; Josef Sziget is not handsome. But he has ten thousand dollars, and he has asked Father Miskolcz to write to his own priest in New York if there are any fears that he is not as good as he is rich. What could be fairer than that?

Father Miskolcz does write, and he receives assurances that no better man than Josef lives in any part of the world. Handsome? Pah!

Anna Rzezow does her churning with Michael Braun's photograph over her heart. Now, there is a man! Handsome? Almost too much so. A woman would have to keep both eyes on such a man. Sulka Trnko has the picture of Charles Banya, and his letter, too. Such a letter! He says he is lonely and longs for a wife with the eyes of Sulka. He is a bit thin, but Sulka Trnko's cooking will soon mend that.

Jenny Drohobycz has the picture and letter of Peter Banya, and Hans Zombor's photograph has been given to Fanya Kroongratz. These are the five girls chosen to make the most of the opportunities. Seven girls have no photographs nor letters. Their pictures were not forwarded. It would not be the modest thing to do to send all twelve pictures, that the five men might look them all over and pick merely eyes and hair and fine features. There is a little jealousy among the seven who were left at the post.

For six months the girls write to the boys, and the boys reply. Presently, one after the other, the boys, being satisfied that they are not acting brashly, ask the most ancient of questions, and the girls say they are willing. And then all records for village furor are broken. The houses are tempests of gossip and sewing. The honor of Bleskidvatz is at stake. The girls will go finely dressed or not at all, and already the passage money, sent by the eager suitors, is in the hands of Father Miskolcz.

TWO weeks later, off they go—five young women of Czechoslovakia—to marry five men whom they've never seen. Picture brides. The journey is long and homesickness overcomes the excitement of the adventure. Then the yearning for Bleskidvatz is banished as a steward passes the word that on the day after tomorrow the ship will enter New York harbor.

Something like terror seizes the girls. A thousand and one little fears. What if Michael, Hans, Josef, Charles, and Peter were not all they had sworn themselves to be? What if they were impostors? What if they were not at the dock to meet their picture brides? But what foolishness! Did not Father Miskolcz know? But was not the good father a child himself, who had never been out in the world?

And were there not strange and horrible stories of girls being decoyed to America and left to starve there? All are just a little panic-stricken until the mighty precipice of New York looms. The fears go, but a numbness that is both dread and panic takes its place.

"But very, very few of them find anything

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Beauty
A Gleamy Mass of Hair

35c "Danderine" does Wonders for Any Girl's Hair

Girls! Try this! When combing and dressing your hair, just moisten your hair-brush with a little "Danderine" and brush it through your hair. The effect is startling! You can do your hair up immediately and it will appear twice as thick and heavy—a mass of gleamy hair, sparkling with life and possessing that incomparable softness, freshness and luxuriance.

While beautifying the hair "Danderine" is also toning and stimulating each single hair to grow thick, long and strong. Hair stops falling out and dandruff disappears.

Get a bottle of "Danderine" at any drug or toilet counter and just see how healthy and youthful your hair appears after this delightful, refreshing dressing.

Fletcher's
CASTORIA

MOTHER:—Fletcher's Castoria is especially prepared to relieve Infants in arms and Children all ages of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and, by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving natural sleep.

Chas. H. Fletcher.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of

Absolutely Harmless—No Opiates. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

but kindness and protection," says one of the directing officials of the bureau of appeals of the Travelers' Aid Society. "Of course, we have no way of knowing whether a marriage turns out happily. We assume that it does. It is our opinion that such romances turn out to be as productive of lasting happiness as more conventional ones."

In 1923, according to the records of the Travelers' Aid Society, two thousand one hundred and sixty-three fiancées arrived at Ellis Island from Europe to marry men who had established themselves here. And nearly two thousand of them were picture brides.

Now and then there is quick tragedy, and it is better, if there is to be tragedy, that it be quick. Better have it over with at once than to suffer it in some squalid tenement when it is too late to turn back.

THERE was the French girl, Luce, whose shrewdness saved her. She had come from Bordeaux, carrying the picture of an American actor in her hand. He—or she thought it was he—had written to her and she to him, and presently he had asked her to marry him. With the ticket he had sent she came to New York. He was not at Ellis Island to claim her, but a nice woman of middle years was there to represent him.

"I am Edwin's mother," the woman said.

"But," replied Luce, "his name is Edward."

"I am forever making that mistake," laughed the woman. "When he was born I wished him named for my father, who was Edwin. But his father insisted that it be Edward, after himself, and so it was Edward. But I have always called him Edwin."

But Luce was not so sure. An agent of the Travelers' Aid and an official of the government Immigration Bureau observed that she was not altogether pleased with Edward's, or Edwin's, mother, and joined the pair.

Thereat the "mother" began to show signs of weakening and manifested a disposition to evade direct questions. Luce said that she would stay right where she was unless her fiancé himself came to claim her. She would not negotiate with his agent. The officials encouraged her, and again looked over Edward's affidavits, which seemed to be all right.

But investigators followed the mother and discovered that she was not only not the parent of Luce's fiancé but that Edward was a Negro. He had used a movie actor's photograph and had made false affidavits, for which he was sent to prison. Luce went back home.

That sort of thing seldom happens. It is rather remarkable that it should happen at all, because getting a picture bride into the United States is not a simple proceeding. Time was when the government paid little attention to such romances. Then the Travelers' Aid and other semi-public and private associations devoting themselves to the welfare and protection of the immigrant either did not exist or were small and inefficient.

But today, if you would import a wife, you must satisfy the government that you are morally and financially fit, and you must be prepared to pass the examination to which you will probably be subjected by the Travelers' Aid and other organizations for the benefit of immigrants.

For example, you must make affidavits to the effect that the girl will not become a public charge; that is, that you are able to take care of her comfortably. Then you must have satisfactory proof that you are an honorable person whose intentions toward the girl are conventional.

And, finally, the chances are ninety-nine in a hundred that you'll be marched off to the city clerk's office and made the legal husband of the stranger.

It would appear from the records of the Travelers' Aid that the picture bride—the girl who comes from the old country to marry a man she has never seen—is surer of protection against the impostor and the immoral than the girl who bravely leaves her home in rural America to meet a man in a large city. In other words, the small-town girl who fares forth to meet the man she has engaged herself to through correspondence clubs or even a matrimonial agency is taking a greater chance than is the girl from Czechoslovakia who voyages across the ocean to New York to meet and marry a stranger.

"The reason," says the Travelers' Aid official, "is obvious. The immigrants come in at stated ports and we are there to receive them. It is next to impossible to single out such girls when they arrive in a crowded railroad depot where thousands of people step off their trains every hour of the day and night.

"THE government requires very definite guaranties from the picture bridegroom. If the government has any misgivings we are asked to take the girl in charge and see that the man is what he represents himself to be. In such cases we talk to the girl and thus get her attitude of mind and then talk to the man or such of his relatives as come to the pier claiming to represent him.

"In almost every case the man himself appears. If the girl has come out alone she is usually so glad to hear someone speaking her own language that she is an easy

Waiting for their mates to claim them — a group of picture brides, newly arrived in New York.
International Photo

subject to deal with. If we are satisfied with the conditions we bring the man and the girl together and invariably they are anxious to marry at once. They are taken to the marriage license bureau and there the ceremony is performed. If they want a church wedding later they can have it, of course.

"We do not presume to do any follow-up work in the sense of investigating after the man has established his bride in his own home. That would be an impertinence rightfully resented. But we do notify the church authorities or the competent social workers in the man's adopted home town if we think the case might bear watching.

"Usually we notify the priest of the parish, who is very glad to keep his eye on the union, and who aids with his counsel and advice."

GREECE and Armenia send us more picture brides than any other countries. Italy comes next, although the majority of fiancées arriving from Italy are not picture brides in the sense that the five girls from Bleskidvatz were. They are girls known by the men who have sent for them. The marriage has been arranged in Italy and the man comes to America to equip himself, financially, for taking care of a wife. When he is able he sends for the girl.

Some time ago a group of Swedish picture brides arrived to be received by young Swedish farmers from Minnesota. One of the girls, upon being greeted by a raw-boned giant, uttered a piercing cry for help. She held off her claimant with one strong arm and extracted from her bosom a photograph.

Sulka Trnko has the picture of Charles Banya and his letter, too. Such a letter.

Her cry had attracted the immigration officials.

"This is not the man," she protested emphatically.

He insisted that it was indeed he and that the photograph was of himself. The photographer had done a remarkable piece of work; had made much out of nothing. The man was rather painful to view, so much so, in fact, that the ardor of the girl vanished at first sight. His friends, coming to his rescue, protested that the photograph was a legitimate portrait of the prospective bridegroom. A newspaper photographer was called in for consultation. He admitted that it was a picture of the man.

"But," he added, "whoever took it ought to be making big money on Fifth Avenue. Anybody who can make a pretty picture of that original is good."

FINALLY everybody except Katinka was convinced that the photograph was of none other than Helgar, but Katinka had lost interest.

"Let me come in," she said to the immigration officials, "but don't expect me to marry anything looking like that."

"You'll have to marry him or go back home."

"Can I go home?"

"Of course."

Katinka uttered several vigorous Swedish cheers.

"When does the boat turn around?" she demanded. And then, after a pause and a shudder, "My God, think of the chances the children would have to take."

THE END

"Jenks, please dash off a thirty-minute oration upon squash clubs."

Wrap Me Up a Speech

By WALTER DAVENPORT

If That Pesky Committee Says You Must Address the Rotary Club Next Wednesday, Don't Worry! The New Oratory Factory Will Fix You Up on the Verbal Fireworks!

Picture by GAAR WILLIAMS

ON ONE condition only—that the affair be staged in any State except Tennessee—I am prepared to defend the affirmative in a debate: RESOLVED, *That the eight per cent interest law be repealed in Tennessee.* Until this morning I wasn't sure there was such a law in Tennessee. Until an hour ago, had anyone challenged me to hold forth upon the righteousness of such a statute, I should have declined.

"In the first place," I would have said, "I am unprepared inasmuch as they have carefully withheld from me the fact that there was such a statute in spite of my persistent endeavor vigorously to follow the laws of Tennessee and be constantly current in my working knowledge of the rules under which Tennessee conducts business.

"Secondly, experience has taught me that it is not to my advantage to plunge headlong into debates. A few years ago I took the affirmative in a discussion on world democracy. I was brash in those days. My opponent was a German who, as far as I was able to learn, neither spoke nor understood English. I, speaking no German, seemed to have fallen short of convincing the man, and without ado he shot me.

"No, I think not, thank you. The only Tennesseean I know is a man of somewhat unbridled impulses. I was a witness at a debate he held with a subway guard one evening, and his manner of winning, which I assure you was sudden and unceremonious, convinces me that the chances of embarrassment in debate with such a people are, in my opinion, rather too great."

In other words, I should have declined the issue.

Now I am prepared to deliver a defense of that seemingly usurious statute—a defense which its authors might envy. I am prepared to show that less than one per cent of the difference between Tennessee's participation in America's trade with the Barbary States as contrasted with upward of the sixty million dollar differential, which would be, according to the most intricate of all cost accountings, less than four per cent of the inland revenues in those years which show the least tendency to currency deflation owing to obstructive tariff schedules in off seasons, makes the retention of this law not only necessary but imperative if the holy principles of the forerunners of true democracy are to obtain, prevail, and continue. [Cheers and throwing.]

Not that my defense of the situation would end there. If my opponent should counter

with what would seem to be an effective and understanding denial, I would be prepared to show him that the poor tax, the levee levies, and all tolls collected between the fifth and the twenty-second days of the odd-fiscal months during the first seven years of the State banking commission's jurisdiction over building and loan societies, as provided under the Barndollar law, less the legal collections for the sinking fund, would be in no possible jeopardy in any event.

Thus thwarted, my opponent would be compelled to assume another tack, and I am assured that once a debater abandons his original attack or defense he is on the wane and victory for somebody is near.

Or, I could take the negative and demonstrate beyond peradventure that Tennessee's one hope of continuing as a sovereign State lies in its immediate repeal of this act of April 4, 1872, and back up my argument by telling when a State is really sovereign.

In brief and fine, I am an authority on the eight per cent law of Tennessee. Choose your side and exhibit your vocabulary. I shall listen to you with a tolerant smile, knowing so well that when you have finished, if not long before, I will render you numb with a few well chosen phrases, not including the mainstay of every experienced debater:

"Is *that* so?"

I undertake to hold forth on either side of the discussion at any moment or in any place. Liquor will not be necessary, but if my opponent insists upon artificial stimulant I shall not decline the issue. In any place except Tennessee. I have never indulged in an argument in Tennessee, and, being by nature wary of traps, must insist that the foray be held on ground as neutral as possible.

THE assurance I exhibit is not, I confess, natural. Had I not received that large advertisement in my mail I should be a trifle less confident of taking the platform upon this subject of the eight per cent law. The letter and an accompanying booklet proclaimed the existence of a concern which guarantees to fit one, for a dollar and twenty-five cents, to speak with authority before any gathering from the board of directors of the Federal Reserve Bank system to the boys in the back room of Johnny Reeves' Mulberry Bend Stuss Association headquarters.

The letter answers the ancient question, "I wonder who writes his speeches for him?" and has it, among other things, that the orations and debates offered are now being heard on every hand from the United States Senate to the rear platform of the last night express from Coney Island.

You may purchase your speeches in groups alphabetically, thereby accomplishing a great saving. For example, you may, for two dollars, receive one thousand words on each of the following subjects:

Introducing a Governor; Introducing a United States Senator; Are We Coddling Our Criminals?; Cultivating a Love for the Beautiful Through Paintings; City Manager Plan of Municipal Government; Labor Unions; Influence of Environment on Character Building; National Sports; The Epics of All Peoples; The Bridge of History Spans the Gulf of Time; Awarding Prizes to a Bowling Club; Hamlet Was Not Playing Mad but Was Really Insane; Introducing a Republican; Welcome to Our City; Presenting a Pugilist with a Silver Plated Watch.

Or, for one dollar, you may become the proprietor of a group of fifty shorts, appropriate for introducing speakers at banquets, lectures, debates, and community gatherings. Each is warranted original in text and form, starting with "We have with us tonight," and concluding, "But it is not my intention to make an address. Rather, let me present a man who, ladies and gentlemen, yields to no man in the field of——"

Or, for four dollars, you may acquire one hundred four-minute speeches of two hundred and fifty words each, and thereby be prepared to leap into the fray on almost every occasion.

THIS ARTICLE solves the riddle of the ages regarding orators—namely, "I wonder who writes their speeches?" for the author, Walter Davenport, ruthlessly brushes pleading gestures aside, stops his ears to eloquent and tearful entreaties, and reveals the existence of a factory that grinds out speeches just as other factories slice cabbages into sauerkraut.

Take the factory's word for it, anybody can now become a Demosthenes, a Cicero, a Webster, a Chauncey Depew, with one of its Kollege Kut ready-made speeches. And, as in the case of ready-made suits, there is a speech to fit everybody and every occasion; that is, every occasion except that upon which Friend Wife awakens to find you returning home at 3 A. M. Words fail even the speech factory at a time like that.

It will, however, supply other conveniences to make you comfortable. Suppose, for example, you arise to address the League of Nations committee of the Ancient and Mystic Sons of the Ruins of Karnak, with a speech from the speech factory in your hand. And suppose, for some reason, your Adam's apple refuses to behave, your knees crack together like castanets, and you suddenly decide that you have no desire to speak as long a time as you did desire to speak. Nothing easier! Here, in red, so that you can spot them at a glance, are marked the passages you can omit and still not be adjudged living proof of the Darwinian theory. Follow the red marks and sit down!

As a matter of fact, this neat little introduction to Mr. Davenport's masterly article came from the factory. The address? Let's see—where is that address?

FOR example, you will be able to devote four minutes to such subjects as *What the Woman Voter Should Know, and the Responsibility of The Ballot; The Business Man's Allegiance to the Flag; Talk by a New Member When Admitted to the Ladies' Rotary Club or Other Commercial Auxiliary* (title not included in the two hundred and fifty words); *Republican Protest After Keynote Speech by the Chairman of the Meeting of the Democratic County Committee; Is Peace Better Than War?* (suitable for Memorial Day, Thanksgiving, political rally, Fourth of July, or golden wedding anniversary); *Address by Noble Grand of a Rebekah Lodge on Leaving the Chair and Being Presented with a Jewel by the Lodge; Theodore Roosevelt* (with or without gestures), and *Address of a Man About to Be Found Guilty to the Jury* (not guaranteed).

For four dollars you are offered fifty debates, both sides fully covered with telling points in red, and pauses for demonstrations by the audience marked. This appeals to us. Think of the advantages offered by the indicated pauses for demonstrations.

You are, let us assume, defending the affirmative in RESOLVED, *That the United States of America should adopt the parliamentary cabinet form of government,* and you had come to this passage:

"Let this damnable democratic doctrine prevail, sirs and mesdames, and within six short months, I tell you, within six all too brief months, on the glorious, purple hills and in the deep, peaceful, green vales of New England there will not be a single windmill in motion!"

You pause to receive the throng's reaction. You have noted well the location of the nearest exits and have examined them, making sure that they are open. You move back a pace or so, awaiting. Or, if you are speaking in the open, you have paced off your most available avenues of escape. In brief, you are prepared for any turn the crowd may take, for you are warned that audiences are undependable.

Now, it may be that nothing untoward will happen—at least to you. In that event you continue the demolition of the opposition. But think of the warning you have had. There was the danger signal in the form of a clearly marked, "PAUSE FOR PROBABLE DEMONSTRATION."

THEN there are college speeches—some for old grads, some for middle-aged alumni, and one for the representative of the class of '88 on presenting a gate to alma mater.

The last-mentioned oration is entitled *The Class of '88 Donates an Ornamental Iron Gate and Appropriate Lanterns to Old ————"* (supply the name of your alma mater). This address was not, unfortunately, included in the samples I received, but it gives one to think of the possibilities.

I, for example, having received the gate from one of the most popular American colleges, find immeasurable satisfaction in picturing myself presenting the ornamental iron door to my unappreciative erstwhile teachers. I could intersperse my purchased phrases with frequent personal comments and warm allusions. I could leave ruin in my wake.

Almost am I persuaded to purchase the gate myself, and, representing the class of '11½, present it to my college some afternoon this fall just after our bitterest rival has left our football team plastered against the southern exposure of the gymnasium, as usual.

It is possible that I'd not get away with it; neither did the John Brown of Osawatomie, Kansas, but look at the fun he had.

This same firm offers for five dollars one volume of a hundred speeches with appropriate and necessary footnotes. In the footnotes one finds sartorial hints which relieve the purchaser and deliverer of the speeches of the possible embarrassment of being incorrectly garbed.

One is told that the frock coat and a black string necktie go with *An Address on American Ideals,* whereas *The Need of Physical Education* may be rendered in the athletic undershirt and sneakers. You are advised that a dress suit (personal property, if possible) is appropriate when delivering *An Address of the Principal or Superintendent* at a junior-senior banquet held after 6 P. M.

But there is no mention of a shirt of mail when holding forth on *The Dangerous Tend-*

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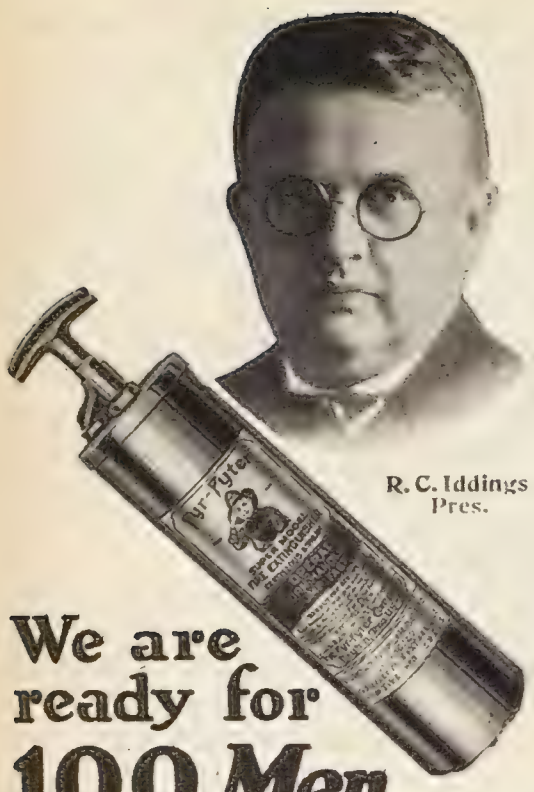

R. C. Iddings
Pres.

We are ready for 100 Men who can earn $300 to $600 a month

We have, right now, open territory in which we want to appoint 100 additional Fyr-Fyter Salesmen. We have positions open that will pay from $300 to $600 a month—$3,600 to $7,200 a year. Previous selling experience will be valuable, but is not essential, as we conduct our own course of expert training. This offer will appeal to the man who really wants to enter the selling field with the assurance of building up a steady and permanent business that will pay him an excellent income.

Big Earnings Possible

Fyr-Fyter Salesmen make unusually large earnings from the start of their work. L. R. Graham, of Illinois, made $180 during his first week, and makes $100 or more a week, steadily. A. H. Robey, of W. Va., makes around $350 a month. L. D. Paine, of Iowa, earned $159 in his first three days, $4,507 in 217 days, and has had any number of days in which he has made $50 to $60.

Unlimited Market

Fyr-Fyter is a device which means *fire prevention*. It is not to be confused with the ordinary "fire extinguisher." It has the approval of the (Fire) Underwriters. Our products are used by Standard Oil, Ford Motor, International Harvester and many other of the largest concerns in the world. Thousands are in use today in factories, stores, schools, hotels, hospitals, theaters, garages, warehouses, private homes—*wherever fire may start*. This means that there is an unlimited market for Fyr-Fyter in every community—a market that offers unlimited prospects to our Salesmen.

Do You Want This Opportunity?

We want 100 more Fyr-Fyter Salesmen now to take open territory. It is a real opportunity that will appeal immediately to the man who wants to earn a steady income that will amount to from $3,600 to $7,200 or more a year. It is a distinctly high-grade proposition that will appeal to men who want to succeed in a big way. If you are interested in an opportunity that can easily pay you $5,000 during the first year, fill out the coupon below and mail it to us immediately for the details of our offer.

THE FYR-FYTER CO.
518 Fyr-Fyter Bldg., Dayton, Ohio

COUPON

The Fyr-Fyter Co., 518 Fyr-Fyter Bldg., Dayton, Ohio.

Kindly mail me full information about the positions you now have open.

Name .....

Address .....

Town ..... State .....

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

encies of Labor Unions. However, I am told that the hat should be removed while giving voice to *Presentation of the Flag to Home for Aged and Indigent Females*.

"But," you protest after you have read the catalogue, "this does me no good. I am scheduled to deliver the oration next Sunday morning at the formal opening of the South Yonkers Squash Club, and there are no squash speeches offered."

"For an additional dollar," reads the catalogue, "we will write for you any speech on any subject not listed."

THIS silences you. This gives you pause to consider the true marvels of this speech manufacturing concern. Perhaps you think that you are a rather bright person; that you are rather well up on current and historic affairs, and that you have a keen eye for the future.

But suppose you worked for this outfit. Suppose that your boss came to your desk one morning and said:

"Jenks, please dash off a thirty-minute oration upon squash clubs. This customer wants something with ginger in it, something to prove to the populace that it would be much worse off if there were no squashes."

"Is the gentleman going to play or raise them?" you inquire.

"Never mind," the boss retorts, "go ahead and write. Ask no questions. The customer is always right."

Well, what would you do?

Finally, the team speeches—six for a dollar, one thousand words each—can be cut to five hundred, or even three hundred words. Paragraphs which may be deleted are plainly marked.

The six are in advocacy, for example, of a bigger and better Jenkintown and are delivered at the Wednesday luncheon of the Boosters' Club. The mayor leads off:

"Men [here a pause while mayor scans the balconies], or perhaps I had better say boys and girls [laughter and applause]—boys and girls. We have come together today to formulate plans for a bigger and better Jenkintown. I love this town. It is the scene of my nativity. All that I am and all that I hope to be I owe to Jenkintown and you boys and girls [applause], for, boys and girls, we are here in Jenkintown where every prospect pleases and not even man is vile. [Laughter.]

"It's not going to be easy, friends. It means that we've got to put our shoulders to the wheel, buckle right down to hard pan, forget the town clock, and, in brief, knuckle down and leave no stone unturned until Jenkintown is on the map to stay. And now, I see our toastmaster looking sternly in my direction [laughter], and I quit with but a word more—that it's not going to be easy, but let's show the world that Jenkintowners leave no stone unturned and never take their hands from the plow until the furrow is turned. I thank you. [Prolonged applause and cheers.]

THE next speaker is president of the Chamber of Commerce:

"I have," he says, "but little to add to what our excellent mayor has just told you. The only thing I have to add is that, men, we've got to put our shoulders to the wheel and get right down to brass tacks and leave no stone unturned until we have put over this program which we propose to adopt. Let that be our watchword, ladies and gentlemen. As the poet says, 'turn not from the plow,' and remember that this is a job for hemen and not idealists. Thank you." [Cries of "Atta boy" and "We're with you."]

The final speaker is a merchant.

"You have heard, ladies and gentlemen, what we propose to do," he says. "It means work—plenty of hard, bone grinding work. But we of Jenkintown can do it. All we need is grit and the knowledge that we've got to put our shoulders to the wheel and stay there until no stone is unturned, until——"

And the luncheon is over. The meeting is adjourned. The plan (yet to be drawn up) will be discussed at the next Wednesday luncheon of the Boosters.

THE END

BRIGHT SAYINGS of CHILDREN

This weekly will pay $5 for every published letter. Address Bright Sayings Editor, Liberty, Tribune Square, Chicago

A New Kind of Dress

My little niece has a dotted Swiss dress, of which she is very fond. The other day when wearing it, she ran to her mother and said, "Please, mother, make me another dress with little pimples on it."—B. N. P., Chicago.

* * *

He Broke His Heart

Bobbie had fallen down when skating, and when his sister tried to console him, he placed his hand on his chest and replied, "Don't hug me, 'cause I fell down and broke my heart."—M. E. Meek, Great Lakes, Ill.

* * *

A New One on Birches

When Jimmie saw a clump of young birches for the first time, he cried out: "Oh, mother, see the trees with white stockings on."—I. B. N., Oconto, Wis.

$500 for Last Lines to Limericks—See Page 35

DOGDOM

Christmas Number

The Great Dog Annual

ILLUSTRATED with hundreds of pictures of the best dogs and containing articles full of interest and of inestimable value to all lovers of thoroughbred dogs.

As a Christmas Gift

To your friend who likes dogs a copy of the Christmas Number, or a subscription to DOGDOM starting with the Christmas number, will be most acceptable.

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DOGDOM

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Note—To Art and Engraving Firms: Secure artists among our graduates. Write Us.

Well, Folks, Here We Are, Back on Board Liberty's Unlimited Limericks Express. Casey's Got the Steam Up, and We're Rarin' t' Go!

$500 a Week *for* Limericks

Everybody—Everywhere—Can Compete

Just Fill In the Last Line of the Limerick Printed Below

This Contest Is Breaking All Records. But Our Unlimited Limericks Express Always Has Room for One More! Hop Aboard, Folks. Next Stop's Dollardale.

This Week's Winners

who share in the big prizes for completing the Limerick printed in our issue of November 8. The Limerick read as follows:

A jolly old tar from Bombay
Decided he'd be on his way;
So he packed up his grip,
And set sail in a ship

.....

Last lines which the prize winners wrote were:

FIRST PRIZE—$250

To the permanent "waves" on Broadway.

Written by Charles S. Kaufman,
100 South Providence Avenue, Atlantic City, N. J.

SECOND PRIZE—$100

Though his wife said, "Oh, pray, man, delay."

Written by Mrs. E. S. Deare,
Army Medical Library, Seventh and B Streets,
Washington, D. C.

THIRD PRIZE—$75

With his bride who wore dresses of hay.

Written by M. J. Kelly,
835½ Beacon Street, San Pedro, Calif.

FOURTH PRIZE—$50

With his port in a bottle, they say.

Written by Sadie R. Searles,
441 North Hemlock Street, Ironwood, Mich.

FIFTH PRIZE—$25

Hit the hammock and called it a day.

Written by Mrs. G. E. Davis,
401 Louisville Avenue, Monroe, La.

THE RULES:

Each week the first four lines of a Limerick will be printed on this page. Write a line to complete the Limerick, and send it to Limericks, care of Liberty, P. O. Box 1123, Chicago, Ill. You don't have to use the form printed on this page unless you want to. You can copy the printed lines on another piece of paper, but be sure that all five lines appear in the letter you send in. Also be sure that your name and full address are plainly written, or printed, on the same sheet. For the best line, $250 will be paid; for second best, $100; third, $75; fourth, $50, and fifth, $25.

SEND in as many last lines as you wish. Every member of the family can compete. Everybody has a chance—men, women, children! It doesn't matter where you live. Remember, a Limerick is a jingle in which the *last line* rhymes with the *first two.* Note the date when this week's contest closes and get your pencil out. Five minutes' thought may net you any of the following big awards:

The PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	**$250**
SECOND PRIZE	**100**
THIRD PRIZE	**75**
FOURTH PRIZE	**50**
FIFTH PRIZE	**25**

Complete the Limerick in the Coupon Below

All Last Lines for THIS Limerick Must Reach Us Not Later Than Midnight, December 13

Liberty's Big Limerick Contest

$500 a Week in Cash Prizes

A young farmer in town for the day
Went to dine in a Broadway café.
When he'd eaten his fill,
He just glanced at the bill

.....

Write your last line in the space above and send this coupon to—

LIMERICKS, *Care of Liberty,*
P. O. Box 1123, Chicago, Ill.

MY NAME IS.....

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

(Issue of December 6)

"PRINCESS, Let Down Your Hair!"

Here at least are four young ladies from Hollywood who could play the part of the princess

Captions by Alva Taylor

APART CALLING FOR LONG HAIR is the despair of the movie director these days. Florence Vidor (in upper left oval), Virginia Valli (in upper right panel), and Priscilla Dean (oval, lower left), are three screen stars in great demand these days for their long tresses as well as their ability. Frances Howard (lower left) is making her screen début in the title rôle of The Swan. She has been on the stage for five years.

The ONLY WOMAN

A Movie Review By Alva Taylor

Norma Talmadge and Eugene O'Brien, wrecked during a storm at sea. A scene from The Only Woman.

WERE Norma Talmadge to play in a picture called The Drunkard's Redemption, or Saved by a Good Woman's Love, we might knit our brows a little, but nevertheless get into the line forming in front of the box office and exchange some coin of the realm for an admission ticket. For, after all, there is but one Norma Talmadge, and we, for one, would go to see her if she were only appearing in a series of poses.

As a matter of fact, The Only Woman might have been called by some such name as suggested above. Its main theme is of the rich man's son who is drinking himself into an early grave, as they say in fiction, and is saved by a sweet and beautiful woman. C. Gardner Sullivan wrote the story.

This, doubtless, has a familiar ring to you. Many a time and oft in the movies you have seen the drinking hero brought back to manhood by a charming heroine. That is not all that you will recognize as an old friend in this picture. In order to perform this redemption job, the young and beautiful heroine must marry the inebriate hero. Which is very sad, since she despises him.

Why, then, you ask, does she marry him? Why worry at all about his descent toward the early grave? Because the father of the young man feels that she is the only woman who can make his son's eyes clear and his hand steady. He forces her to marry his son, since he has, to relapse into the vernacular, the goods on the young lady's father. Her papa has done with funds intrusted to him things that he ought not to have done.

But wait, this is not all that you have seen before on the screen. Later on in the picture there is a yachting party, and a storm at sea, from which there are three survivors on the disabled yacht—the hero, the heroine, and a brutish sailor. The brutish sailor, true to form, claims the girl, who is now the hero's wife. There is a fight. The sailor goes overboard. And here is where the producers slipped up. They forgot, or neglected, the shark. As the yacht was in southern waters, the shark really should have been there, waiting hungrily for his prey. We missed him.

If you like to feel that you have a personal acquaintance with the plot of a moving picture you will feel right at home at The Only Woman. And if you like something a little different, you won't be altogether disappointed. At least there is this. It is not for love that the lovely lady makes a man of the debauching son. It is a business proposition. She is to have a divorce as soon as she has persuaded her husband that water is a good and an adequate drink.

She does this by taking friend husband on the yachting trip, and dumping into the Mediterranean all the liquor which he has had put aboard. Then, having made a man of him, and earned her divorce, she decides that she doesn't want the divorce. We go home knowing that everyone will live happily ever after.

The picture is excellently directed by Sidney Olcott for First National. The old and familiar scenes such as the undesired engagement and wedding proceedings, not to mention the storm at sea, are so well done that one forgives their senility.

Norma Talmadge as Helen Brinsly has opportunity to give vent to the emotional acting that she does so well. She is always charming and an unusually capable actress.

Eugene O'Brien plays Rex Harrington, the alcoholically-inclined young man who is wished upon Helen. Mr. O'Brien has often been a successful leading man for Miss Talmadge, and in this picture lives up to his reputation in an able manner. Fifty per cent of the time, however, his acting consists in staggering about the set as he portrays the young drunkard.

The two fathers are all that movie fathers should be. Winter Hall is William Brinsly, the girl's father, who has put himself into the embarrassing position of sacrificing his daughter's happiness to make up for his financial deficiencies. It is not until daughter catches him in the act of holding a gun to his head that she realizes things are really in a serious way, and that she must take unto herself for husband a man for whom she has the utmost contempt.

Matthew Betz is Ole Hanson, the brutish sailor. His chief duty is to look real rough, cast longing eyes upon the beautiful lady on the yachting trip, and provide an opponent for the hero to engage in fistic combat in order to prove that he is something of a he-man, after all.

We enjoyed The Only Woman, being prejudiced as we are in favor of the lovely Norma. If you feel as we do about her, you'll enjoy the picture, too.

NEXT WEEK: *The Narrow Street,*
With Dorothy Devore and Matt Moore.
A Warner Brothers Picture.

The TURNING

IN WHICH Hiram Tupper Bell, a Mere Nobody in His Own House, Becomes a Knight Errant and Slays the Jabberwock of Wall Street for the Sake of His Sweetheart of Thirty Years Ago, with Astonishing Results in His Own Home Town

Pictures by
DUDLEY SUMMERS

WHAT'S HAPPENED IN THE STORY:

Hiram Tupper Bell, an American business man, astonishes his family by asserting himself on the eve of his daughter's wedding. He announces without explanation that he is leaving at once for New York.

A torn telegram in his room later reveals that he left in response to a telegram from a mysterious Beulah. Neither Hiram's wife, nor his daughter Vera, nor his son Virgil, knows who Beulah is.

Beulah, it develops, was Hiram's first love, the complement of his whimsical nature. Twice married and now a widow, she has won fame and some trouble through her financial operations. Hence the telegraphic call for Hiram, in pursuance of his promise thirty years ago to help her if she ever needed him.

This is the story to date. Now you are ready to read how it all came out.

CONCLUDING INSTALLMENT

BEULAH DAY MARSH! Who was she? In many shades of hyphenated American accent the polyglot metropolis between the East and the Hudson Rivers demanded to be told; insisted petulantly on an answer. For, of course, with the customary insularity of the Manhattanese, it was inadequate to mention that she originally came from Toledo, and that she had been connected with various promoting enterprises in Cleveland and Chicago.

Where and what was Toledo? The two other places had big league ball teams, so they were probably somewhere on the map west of Weehawken. If New York had ever read of Ira Havers Marsh and his tragic taking off it had promptly forgotten. Why take seriously the affairs of a minor millionaire from Chicago at a time when Broadway and the Bronx had its Stokes and Ward cases?

But what was this Rusurbia scheme which this Mrs. Marsh person had the effrontery to bring to Wall Street? The name suggested a comic opera. Yet Wall Street seemed to be greatly stirred up over it. What? A town and country club which provided its members with a city apartment and a suburban home, fully equipped, from an all night elevator and restaurant service in town, to four eighteen hole golf courses in the country, and included an electrified rapid transit system! For Chicago, too! Why should Wall Street be bothered with Chicago's housing problems? Why didn't those people either live in houseboats on the lake front or move back on the prairies? The homegoing throngs scanning their four-star-special night extras in the packed subway cars read the first few paragraphs and then turned to the comic strips on the back pages. Huh! Ach Himmel! How do them jays get that way?

But the feature which really caused New York to gasp indignantly was the printed estimate of the vast sum which her shrewd financiers had already invested in this fantastic enterprise before the wild cry of "Fake, fake!" echoed through Wall and Broad Streets. Thirty millions! Or was it forty? The most saffron of the evening editions put it at fifty. Not all actually paid in, but pledged. And all because Beulah Day Marsh had come from the Middle West with a letter signed by J. T. Rawson in which he had highly commended the enterprise and had promised to take at least ten thousand shares when issued.

A rather personal letter it was, suggesting more than a mere business acquaintance, almost a friendship of long standing. And naturally, where the great J. T. led, what Gothamite would hesitate to follow? Hesitate! They dashed wildly after the very echo of his mighty footsteps. Singly, to be sure. For each was in some way certain of being privately admitted to the ground floor, understood that he was allowed to read the sacred missive in strict confidence.

Then some timid soul had questioned the source of the assuring letter. What if it should not be authentic? There were whispered inquiries. A rumor was born. And in

WORM

By
SEWELL FORD

"Why, Hiram Tupper Bell!" gasped his wife, dropping her soupspoon.
"Do I really merit the Tupper, Martha?" he asked.

New York's financial district a rumor spreads quicker than a forest fire in the North woods during a dry summer. The dingy fronted near-Renaissance building occupied chiefly by various branches of the J. T. Rawson banking and brokerage concern was stormed by anxious-eyed men. Telephones buzzed. Messengers trooped in. Was J. T. backing this Rusurbia proposition? Was he a friend of Beulah Day Marsh? Had he really written that letter?

There was silence, suspense. There always was when anyone wished to know anything about J. T. in a hurry. And in a somberly ornate room on the fifth floor, heavily guarded against intrusions, a long conference was held. Finally a statement was issued, cautiously phrased, but fairly emphatic. No, the house of J. T. Rawson was not preparing to assume any part of the stock issue of the Rusurbia corporation. As a firm it was not interested in the success or failure of such an issue.

Mr. Rawson himself was not in the city, it was stated. He had been communicated with, however. He believed he had met a Mrs. Marsh at some time or other, but his acquaintance with her had been brief and casual. He could recall having written no such letter as the one indicated. It was not his custom to write such letters. He should very gravely doubt the genuineness of such a letter, if one existed.

But that which was transmitted to the subway readers through the medium of the headline writers' jargon was "Money King Repudiates Marsh Woman," "J. T. Pricks Rusurbia Bubble," and "Forgery, Hints Great Banker."

By morning the hue and cry was on. The district attorney had been asked to look into the affairs of this fascinating adventuress. As with one voice the metropolitan press howled for the speedy jailing of Beulah Day Marsh. And that fictional but very real person, the man on the street, echoed the demand across the tables and side-arm chairs of thousands of quick-lunch restaurants.

"She's gotta noive, that dame has," was his comment. "Ought to be the Tombs for hers." New York had its thumbs down.

And this was the plight of the woman whose call for help had sent Hiram Bell hurrying from the home where his daughter's wedding was in preparation; had caused him, as Virgil phrased it, "to walk out on the show."

That it was a desperate plight Hiram did not doubt. During the last forty-eight hours he had read every word of the press dispatches sent out concerning New York's latest sensation. Just how deeply Beulah had implicated herself in the promotion of this chimerical Rusurbia enterprise, or if she had actually become criminally involved, he could not judge. The newspaper reports were too vague. But he suspected the worst.

Also he was certain that she had appealed to him because she relied on his sound financial wisdom, on his well known skill as an organizer, rather than as an old friend. Of course, she had counted on that nearly forgotten friendship. Why, in a crisis such as this, should she wish to see a jilted lover? But the treasurer of the Tri-State Service Corporation might be of some use to her. Well, if he had help to give, give it he would.

And it was because of the memory of that August night that Hiram was hurrying to answer her call. He did not delude himself as to that. It had been one of the precious things of his life, and was still precious; just the memory of the tender light which had suddenly come into the shadowy eyes of a girl who had fluttered into his arms for a moment and then fluttered away.

Hiram knew that Beulah no longer existed, that girl with the magic in her voice; probably no faint trace of her. Into what sort of woman she had evolved he shrank from guessing, but despite his reluctance he could not help picturing one with bold eyes, hard of voice, and perhaps with a painted face.

It did not matter. For the sake of the Beulah who had given him that golden month he was going to her.

HIRAM BELL had some difficulty in persuading the bobbed haired young woman at the information desk of the hotel to send his name up to Mrs. Marsh. "Not much use," she told him. "She's turning 'em all down."

"Bell is the name," insisted Hiram. "Let her know at once, if you please."

"Oh, if that's the way you feel about it," and the bobbed hair was tossed above contemptuous shoulders. "Well, you win! Her secretary says you're to come right up. Elevator's over there. Tenth floor, suite 1011."

Waiting to answer his ring was a strikingly pretty maid who took his hat and overcoat and led him through a long hallway into a big room flooded with sunlight from wide westerly windows. It was a gray toned room, with soft, old rose hangings and rugs. A tall silver vase full of pink roses stood between two of the windows. Beside a glass-topped mahogany writing table in the center of the room sat a competent appearing, calm-eyed young woman in black who was typing. Behind the table, in an arm chair, was Beulah.

Mentally braced as he was against any shock of surprise, Hiram Bell stopped almost as soon as he entered the room; stopped and stared. For she was nothing like the woman he had pictured, had anticipated seeing. She was neither bold of eye nor painted of face. She was just Beulah, almost the Beulah of many years ago. True, a matured Beulah, with subdued, matronly curves, and with gray in her hair. But her eyes were still shadowy, and there was the same magnetic quality in her smile. An instant later, as she rose and greeted him, he thrilled again to the music of her voice.

"Hiram!" she said. "I hoped you'd come, and you have."

"Beulah!" said he, still staring.

"It's about brillig, isn't it?" she went on. "How good of you to remember and come at brillig! Let's have tea." Then, to the young woman in black, "Miss Moores, that will be all now. And will you order tea?"

Soon they were alone in the great room flooded with the sunset.

"Do you know why I ran away home—after that night?" she asked.

He nodded. "You didn't want to marry a feed-store clerk."

"But I did. I was afraid I should. Being

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

with you had been so wonderful. But it couldn't last. So I—I——"

"You climbed back through the looking glass," he suggested.

"That's it, Hiram, that's exactly it!" she cried, clapping her hands. "Oh, thanks be, you can still be beamish!"

"But I'm rather gray for a boy, eh?"

"That doesn't matter. It's the beamish part that counts. I was trusting you not to have lost it, and you haven't. I'm afraid though that I'm no longer a slithy tove."

"You never were; at least, nothing like Humpty Dumpty's explanation."

"But the one you made up was much nicer; lithe and—something else. It's been a long time since I've been lithe, Hiram."

"You still have the Alice-look in your eyes."

"Have I? Oh, it's good to hear that. No one but you could have said that. Perhaps you've kept in practice?"

HE shook his head, saying, "I've been judging securities, and learning to hold my tongue. All I've dared do, at times when I could steal off by myself, has been to stand a while in uffish thought."

"I know. It's been the same with me—neither gyre nor gimble on the wabe. Haven't they suspected you, though?"

"Often."

"We can't wholly hide it, Hiram. And I suppose, in a world ruled by solemn asses, we're getting off lucky."

"Are *you* getting off though, Beulah?"

"Why, of course—grandly!"

"But this—Rusurbia affair?"

"Oh, that! We'll not waste our time over it."

He stared at her. "But unless I understand, how can I help?"

"By being as beamish as you can. Don't you see? There's no one else who knows how. That's why I wanted you to come. And now—— Here's the tea."

He watched her manipulate the silver things on the tray. All her motions were graceful, feminine. Could this be the woman of mystery who juggled millions? There was nothing of the sorceress about her. And, whatever she had been through as the wife of a dissolute spendthrift, she had been neither hardened nor made coarse. She was still fine, there was still about her that smooth daintiness which had so appealed to him when he had first seen her on the parsonage steps.

Curiously he gazed at her. Through no artifice that he could detect had she tried to hide what the years had brought. Her graying hair, though modishly arranged, was quite candidly graying hair. The tiny, netlike wrinkles on the satiny surface of her cheeks were not filled with cosmetics. All undimmed was the alluring glow in her shadowy eyes. No wonder so many men had found her fascinating, still found her so.

Eating toast and drinking tea, they were merry. As if they were but resuming a game of yesterday, they tossed whimsies back and forth, he peering past his nose as he smiled; Beulah with her small, shapely head held to one side, birdwise, as she followed a fanciful thought or answered with that low ripply laugh. Nearly an hour they had been together when, following a knock, Miss Moores came in.

"The reporters," she announced.

"How many today?" asked Beulah.

Miss Moores counted a handful of cards.

"Twelve, and three of them seem to be women."

"I wish I could have them all up for tea, but if I did they'd ask a lot of questions and write more horrid things about me. No. You may say, as usual, that I don't care to see them and that I have no statement to make."

The secretary was moving away when Hiram Bell held up a detaining hand.

"One moment," he said. Then, to Beulah, "Do you think that is wise?"

"Don't you?" she asked.

"No. For when you do that you offend not merely a few reporters but the millions of readers they represent. At least, you'll be making them feel that you're defying them."

"Well, so I am. They're meddling with my private affairs; the public, I mean, and I want to tell them to mind their own business."

"Naturally. We all feel that way. But in certain instances our private affairs become public concerns. For example, when we are accused, justly or unjustly, of breaking the laws of the land. In your case, Beulah, you are accused of selling Wall Street a gold brick. Perhaps you haven't or didn't mean to. Anyway, the charge has been made. You've become a defendant. No use ignoring the fact. And can you afford not to make any defense?"

She seemed unimpressed by his warning, replied with a confident smile: "This isn't the first time, you know, that the newspapers have howled at me. I've always let them howl. What should I say to them now?"

For a moment Hiram hesitated. "That letter from Rawson," he suggested.

She opened a drawer of the desk, unlocked a document case, and handed over to him the original note. "Perhaps you know his signature?"

Having examined the familiar autograph of the great J. T., noted for its scrawly details, Hiram nodded. "Genuine, I should say. But the reporters wouldn't be convinced. Then there are your plans for financing this Rusurbia project. Those are criticized as——"

"How much do you know of them?" she broke in. "Anything more than you've read in the papers?"

He admitted that this was all.

"Then I'm going to tell you about them. Miss Moores, ask the reporters to wait for half an hour. I may decide to see them after all. It depends on you, Hiram. If you think I should after you've heard everything, then perhaps I'll have something to say. You came to help me, I'm sure."

"I hoped I might find some way of getting you out of this, Beulah."

"But if I don't wish to get out, Hiram?"

"But you must, if possible. Of course, I don't know how badly tangled in it you are, nor who got you into this scheme. But I came here to beg you to drop it if you could, to throw it overboard. You can't buck Wall Street, you know."

AGAIN she answered him with a smile. "You haven't much faith in my business ability, have you? And perhaps you think I really am what they call me—a bold, bad money vampire; a financial snake charmer who puts a spell on her victims. But I'm not. I am not even a woman of mystery. You see, I first went into this sort of thing because it was necessary—when Talcott died and I found his affairs in such a state.

"Then I learned something about organizing stock companies. It was interesting, fascinating, and I was rather successful. Anyway, I made a lot of money. I came to know men of big affairs. Next I met Ira Marsh and we were married. You know how that turned out. But you have heard only the worst about Ira. He had his good points. At his best he was one of the two most boyishly charming men I have ever known. I loved him, and I stuck to him almost to the end. True, he spent nearly all of my money, which was why I came home and set about making some more. I've done it and it has been heaps of fun. I mean to keep at it."

SHE made a fluttery, feminine motion with her hands. Then she went on. "About a year ago some Chicago friends came to me with the Rusurbia project. I saw its possibilities at once and when they asked me to join them in financing the enterprise I accepted. We needed a lot of money to put the thing through—millions. I knew several New York capitalists who might be induced to help us, but first I went to James Rawson, whom I had entertained in Toledo when I was Mrs. Talcott Day. After I had told him about Rusurbia he wrote that letter. Then I went after the others."

"Just what did you tell them?" asked Hiram.

"Exactly what I'm going to tell you now about Rusurbia."

Frankly and concisely she explained all the details of the organization, how the bonds were secured, what the stock, common and preferred, stood for. She submitted figures, showed maps and sketches. Hiram Bell listened wide eyed and almost open mouthed as she revealed her intimate and accurate knowledge of stock exploitation, and he gasped at the ingenuous daring of her methods. With a few thousand in actual cash she had created a paper capital which was imposing. It was a tottery edifice she had erected, but while it stood there it was.

"Well?" she asked.

"It isn't what I call sound financing," said Hiram, "but it is perfectly legitimate. That is, if you can carry it through. But New York has gone panicky since it has heard that Rawson isn't with you. What about him?"

"He's going to live up to his agreement."

"And the others?"

"I shall not give back a dollar that has been paid in and I mean to collect every cent that has been subscribed. If I tell the reporters anything it will be that. Shall I, Hiram?"

He shook his head. "No, Beulah.. I can't bear to think of you facing that keenly inquisitive crowd. It's no job for a woman, even for such a woman as you are. I'll do it myself."

"But you mustn't, Hiram," she protested. "It would hurt your business standing."

"I thought of all that before I started. I came on to see if I could help you. I can. If you mean to put up a fight I mean to stand by."

"Draw the vorpal blade?" she suggested.

"Nothing so snicker-snacky. But I'll see those reporters for you and let 'em know we are standing pat and you're not a bit scared."

"They'll want to know who you are."

"They shall find out. I'll tell 'em."

And ten minutes later, in one of the parlors of the great hotel, he did. As Hiram stood surrounded by the reporters there was no limpness in his spare figure, no slouch to his shoulders, and in his mild eyes burned an unwonted fire. Hiram was giving it to 'em crisp and snappy.

And next morning the storm did break. The one note shrieked from the headlines was, "Marsh Woman Defiant." Then came such pithy phrases as: "Mystery Woman Says Duped Investors Must Pay Up," "Despite Repudiation Rusurbia Wizardess Claims Rawson Letter No Forgery"; and, menacing words, "District Attorney Promises Prompt Action."

There were editorials, asking acidly how long must this sort of thing continue before a stop was put to the peddling of worthless securities in Wall Street. A timely cartoon pictured Father Knickerbocker handing over his watch

and purse to a masked female labeled "Rusurbia." This was captioned, "'Stick 'Em Up,' Says Beulah."

Also, figuring largely in all accounts, were descriptions of Hiram Bell. He was variously referred to as "Marsh Woman's Lone Defender," and "Middle-Aged Lochinvar Who Comes Out of the West." Hiram, too, had edged into the headlines.

And at this stage not only the subway strap-hangers and the New Jersey and Westchester commuters were regaled with the latest developments of this daring assault on Wall Street. With the entrance of Hiram Bell, treasurer of the Tri-State Service Corporation, the Rusurbia scandal became a nation-wide spread, and as such was telegraphed in full over the South and West wires. In Toledo, in Cleveland, in Chicago, and in St. Louis, Des Moines, and Milwaukee, it was treated with all the importance of a local story—a first-page, streamer-headlined sensation. There Hiram was featured as a rash David thumbing his nose at an eastern Goliath. "Tri-State Official Tells Wall Street Where It Gets Off," was one of the happier phrases.

Of these widespread consequences Hiram was quite unconscious as, in the grill room of his own hotel, he finished a late and leisurely breakfast. He was lighting a cigar when he heard himself paged, and when he called the boy to him he was handed a telegram. It was from Halsey Knox, president of the Tri-State Company, and read:

"Regret your connection with Rusurbia affair. Several directors join in advising your immediate withdrawal. Your family much disturbed by notoriety. KNOX."

"Any answer, sir?" asked the boy.

"Yes," said Hiram. "Gimme a blank." Then he scribbled this reply:

"Tell directors to direct their own affairs. Advice not wanted. Family usually disturbed over something. H. BELL."

Meanwhile, back in the Bell home, might be observed various interesting reactions. At first, when it was merely the absence of Hiram that had to be reckoned with Mrs. Bell had roused herself to meet the emergency. After a talk with the rector of St. Stephen's she announced that the wedding should take place just the same.

She was just Beulah, almost the Beulah of many years ago.

She had been assured that fathers were not absolutely essential to the ceremony. The "who giveth" line could be left out, or Mrs. Bell might respond by rising in her pew, or any near male relative might act as substitute. Having considered the doubtful qualifications of her surviving brothers, Martha Bell decided to do the responding herself.

And she had already begun to give out the report that urgent business matters might detain Mr. Bell in New York until after the wedding, although he was making every effort to return in season.

But when the Thursday morning papers blazoned the real reason for Hiram's mysterious visit to New York, when he was revealed as the lone champion of the notorious Beulah Day Marsh, panic descended on the Bell household.

The blow was a crushing one. At least, it was to Martha. She had risen earlier than usual that she might attend to some of the leftover details concerning the reception. During the night she had changed her mind about the ices which were to be served, she wanted to have a final word with the florist about the altar decorations, and she meant to prod up the awning firm about having the sidewalk canopy set up early in the afternoon. Also she was anxious to see if the society reporter for the *Times* had put into the advance announcement all that she had sent in. So one of her first actions was to bring the morning paper from the front steps.

She was about to turn to the inside page where The Social Whirl columns were to be found when something in bold type jumped from the first page and struck her down. It was almost that. Hiram's name coupled with that of this Beulah Day Marsh person's. Hastily in the hallway she scanned the outlines of the Rusurbia affair. Then, reeling into the big living room, she sank limply into a chair.

One of the maids found her, half an hour later, seemingly stunned from a fall, with the paper crumpled in her right hand.

"Tell—tell Vera to come," she said in a weak, strained voice.

And Vera, startled by the look on the maid's face, had hurried down in her dressing robe.

"Now what's happened, mother?" she demanded. "Don't tell me you've been taken sick, or had a stroke, or—Eh? The newspaper? Let's see it."

Stoutly she read the shrieking headlines and through the opening paragraphs until she had acquired a clear idea of what it was all about. And, summoning all her youthful vigor, she withstood the shock.

"So that was the Beulah who needed Hiram! Huh!" Her voice was hard and acrid. "Well, now he has done it. This, I should say, is about the finish."

"What—what do you mean, Vera?" asked her mother.

"Why, everything's off, isn't it? We can't go on now, with an affair like this being broadcasted. Think I'd have the nerve to walk down a church aisle tonight? And with Hiram still cutting up in New York! Hardly. Even if I could, I couldn't ask Gus to. His folks will be wild over this. I can just hear Mrs. Hoeffner throwing cat fits now. Well, Well! Hiram sure has queered us this time."

VERA spoke from psychic instinct. Even at that moment, in the other big white stucco house two blocks away on the best street, the Hoeffner breakfast table was the scene of a hastily called family conference. Mrs. Hoeffner *was* throwing cat fits. At least, her great

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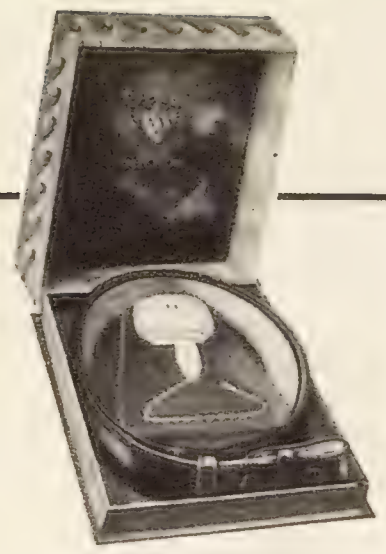

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-ONE]

florid face was streaked with tears, her bosom heaved tempestuously, and she was sobbing out such incoherent phrases as, "The disgrace of it!" "That disgusting Hiram Bell!" and "Poor, poor Augie!" While Otto Hoeffner, as becoming first vice president of the Consolidated Trust Company, was uttering guttural but calming words of wisdom.

"Well, Emmy, it's lucky it came out today and not tomorrow. Gus ain't married yet, is he? And now he don't hafta be, that's all. He's got a good excuse to quit. I never did go much on that Hiram Bell since he asked me once, at a directors' meeting, if I was trying to put cats in the coffee. Anybody that talks foolish is apt to act foolish. And look what he's up to now! Pretty soon I'll get somebody on the phone at the Bells and fix up about having the whole thing called off."

AS for young Augustus Hoeffner, he was staring sulkily at a halved grapefruit, trying to adjust his somewhat slow mental processes to the pace of these galloping events. He believed he ought to be indignant about something, but another and quite different emotion seemed to be struggling for expression. Finally he spoke.

"I guess this is my funeral," he announced. "So you don't need to call up the Bells. I'll go see 'em myself. I—I gotta have a talk with Vera."

He found her answering a call from one of her bridesmaids, the third who had rung up within half an hour.

"Of course it's off," she was saying. "Yes, for good."

"Don't say that, Vera," Augustus commanded, rather than pleaded.

"Why not, Gus? You don't think I'd ask you to go on now—after what Hiram's done?"

"I'm not marrying Hiram, and I don't care what he's done or hasn't done. I want you."

The hard look in Vera's brilliant eyes softened as she returned his gaze.

"That's sporty of you, Augie, but I'm afraid it's all wasted. How about your folks?"

"They got nothing to do with this."

Vera shook her head. "Anyway, I just couldn't. Why the whole town is buzzing with it."

"It'll soon get tired of buzzing. We'll put it off, if you say so. For a week."

"But Augie——" she protested.

"Next Thursday," he said. "This row will blow over by then. And those who don't want to come can stay away." Augie was not as a rule quite such an imperious person as Vera, but he was large, and blond, and his chin was firm. The next he knew Vera had her arms around his neck and was sniffling down his collar.

"You *are* an old dear, Augie," she sobbed, "and I'm not going to give you up. But it's going to be a frightful mess."

IT was. For custom and social usage have overlaid the brief marriage rite with an elaborate fresco of conventions and codes and taboos. To stage a church wedding is almost as intricate, and often nearly as expensive a process, as to put on a musical comedy. It is a spectacle, a show, and a semi-public one. It has complicated mechanism which, once set in motion, is not easily stopped. And to postpone such an affair from one date to another, with only a few hours notice, is almost a hopeless task.

But, having indulged in her moment of weakness, Vera Bell stopped sniffling and tackled the job. For the next three hours she sat at the telephone desk and talked to bridesmaids, caterers, florists, orchestra leaders, and city editors.

And during this very real crisis Martha Bell either sat wringing her hands or wandered aimlessly through the house with a dazed look in her eyes. All her blustering arrogance had ebbed. At intervals she went to Vera and whined, "Why should Hiram do it; at such a time, too?"

"Oh, ask me something easy," was Vera's only reply.

It was long after ten o'clock before Virgil came downstairs and heard the news.

"Not Hiram!" he gasped. "Say, I didn't give the old boy credit for that much sporting blood! Gettin' himself vamped by a lady wizardess who's trying to bunk Wall Street! That's going some for Hiram, I'll tell the world."

Aside from this contribution Virgil was not helpful.

But at half after seven that evening only a dim light burned under one of the Gothic arched entrances to St. Stephen's and a somewhat petulant assistant rector explained to incredulous groups of persons who had missed the announcement, that no wedding of any kind was to occur there that night. At 7:45 he was getting quite emphatic about it. At 9:30, to complete chronology, just about the time Vera had planned to slip away from the bridal supper party and change to a traveling dress, she dropped wearily into bed in her own room, so tired that sleep came to her almost at once.

Martha Bell, in her room, was snoring. Even Virgil, "good and fed up," as he expressed it, "of being razzed by the gang," came home at the unseasonable hour of eleven and made it a somnolent trio.

Virgil it was, too, who had the courage to look at the papers next morning. He came bellowing into

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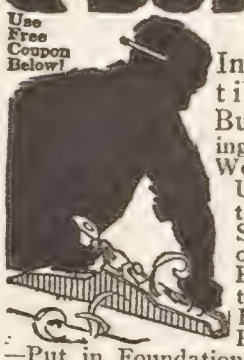
CARPENTERS & BUILDERS



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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-TWO]

the breakfast room waving one in each hand.

"Hey, folks! Listen to this, will you, and then tell me if Hiram ain't a reg'lar he-man. Here's what the *Times* prints about him: 'Tri-State Official Wins Out in Wall Street. Defender of Chicago Woman Promoter Makes Eastern Money Kings Eat Their Words. J. T. Rawson Indorses Rusurbia Project When Hiram Bell Calls His Bluff. Local Man Shows Four Aces When Cards Are Tabled. Highly Praised by Business Associates Here.' Eh? That's our respected Dad, Vera! And what I want to know is, when did he get that way?"

Vera grabbed the paper from his hand.

OF course it had not really been such a personal victory for Hiram. True, he had insisted that Beulah send for Rawson and demand either that he charge her with forgery or that he renew his endorsement. And the great J. T. had come in from his country place, talked for half an hour with Beulah, and then given out the statement which had been acclaimed so jubilantly by the press of the Middle West.

To Hiram had been attributed most of the credit for the victory. But the New York newspapers gave the Rawson announcement no such prominence. As a scandal, Rusurbia had fizzled. Besides, during the night a mysterious hotel murder had been unearthed, another daring holdup on Fifth Avenue had taken place, and the Sandy Hook rum fleet had engaged the prohibition squadron in a running sea fight. So with the same abruptness which marked their appearance, Beulah Day Marsh and Hiram Bell faded from the headlines in Manhattan.

"Well, Hiram," said Beulah, when it was all over, "between us we've slain the Jabberwock, haven't we? You were wonderful. As for myself, I confess that I do enjoy a fight like that."

"I know," sighed Hiram. "But all that whiffling and burbling made me nervous. You see, Beulah, I was not meant to lead such a hectic life."

"Yes, I knew that from the first. That's why I climbed back through the looking glass. But you did help me save Rusurbia. Thank you, Hiram, and good-by."

WITH a distinct feeling of relief Hiram Bell boarded the next train for home. Martha might be noisy and bustling, but her activities were never noticed by district attorneys, reporters did not besiege her, nor jails yawn for her—and she kept off the front pages of the newspapers.

In due time a taxi landed him under the porte cochère of his white stucco home. Letting himself in with a latch key and dropping his bag in the front hall, Hiram followed the sounds of unusually subdued conversation and found his family at dinner. Even the large, blond young man whose name was Oggie or something was there.

"Why, Hiram Tupper Bell!" gasped his wife, dropping her soupspoon.

"Do I really merit the Tupper, Martha?" he asked.

"I'll say you do, Dad!" declared Virgil, jumping up with his hand out. "Say, but you did put it over on that Wall Street bunch, didn't you? Ought to see what the home papers are printing about you. They got you listed as a regular guy."

"Quite wrong, of course," said Hiram, shaking his son's hand.

The blond young man arose and offered his hand also.

"We're rather proud of you, Mr. Bell," he said.

Hiram peered past his nose and smiled. "Never believe anything you read in the papers, young man. But what about the wedding? Go off all right, did it?"

"How could it?" asked Vera. "Of course, I wouldn't be married unless you were there. We had to put it off for a week and it was an awful nuisance. But I hope you'll be on hand next Thursday, father."

HIRAM'S eyebrows lifted at the unusual word.

"I certainly shall be, Vera," he assured her.

"Unless," put in Mrs. Bell, somewhat plaintively, "another Beulah happens to bob up."

Hiram shook his head.

"Even if there was another to bob," said he, "I don't think I should go again. The Beulah brand of high finance, my dear, is somewhat too strenuous for me; and, as you know, I'm fond of staying at home."

Across the dinner table Martha Bell smiled back at him. It was almost a proud smile and there was endearment in it.

"Of course, Hiram. And we are all fond of having you here." She touched the service buzzer and a maid came in. "Soup—for Mr. Bell," she ordered, with a nod of deference toward her husband.

So, even in the kitchen, subtly the news was spread that the master had returned. The abdication of Hiram ended there and then. And on the following Thursday evening, when the rector asked, "Who giveth this woman?" Hiram Bell spoke up boldly and distinctly, saying (as one who knew and exercised his right), "I do."

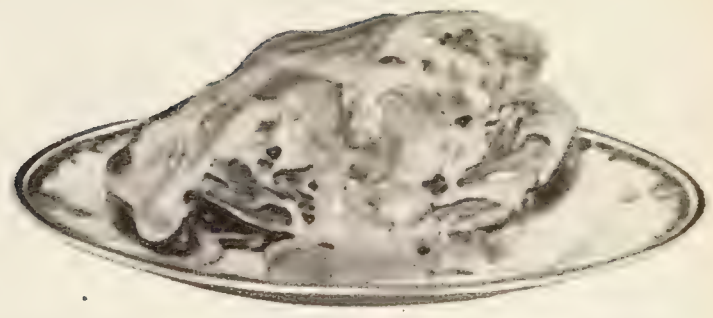
Virgil, listening from a flower-hung pew, nodded a vigorous assent and nudged his mother.

THE END

As Hiram stood surrounded by the reporters there was no limpness in his spare figure, no slouch to his shoulders, and in his mild eyes burned an unwonted fire. Hiram was giving it to 'em crisp and snappy.

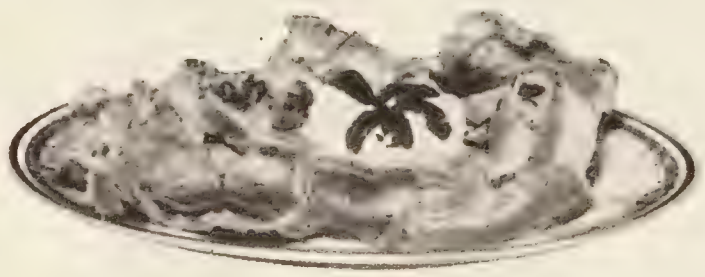
Vegetable Salad

Try SALADS



Head Lettuce with Thousand Island Dressing

As a Cure *for* Winter Ills



Cold Slaw Salad

By ETHEL M. SOMERS

SALADS are an unsurpassed remedy for winter diet evils. American families generally confine themselves to a monotonous diet of meat, bread, and potatoes when the summer's abundance of fruits and vegetables is over. The outcome is that their summer's gain in health is lost. Spring finds their vigor sadly depleted. Fortunately through the alluring influx of spring vegetables they unconsciously correct their practice.

Science teaches us to credit the vegetables. The wise housewife no longer considers fruits and vegetables a winter luxury. Protection against dietary hazards imperatively requires their use. Salads multiply the possibilities in fruit and vegetable service. A refreshing assortment of salads will help many a family safely through the winter.

Salad Dressings

Mayonnaise Dressing (One Pint)

- 1 egg yolk
- 1 tablespoon vinegar
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- ¼ teaspoon mustard
- ¾ teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon sugar
- ⅛ teaspoon cayenne
- 1 cup of vegetable oil
- 2 tablespoons of boiling water

PUT the egg yolk on a plate or small platter. Add the mustard, salt, sugar, and cayenne. Mix well. Beat vigorously while adding the oil a drop at a time, until the mixture thickens. Then add the oil ½ tablespoon at a time, beating vigorously with each addition. Continue beating and adding the oil until the mixture becomes too thick for beating. Thin out by beating in a little of the lemon juice or vinegar and then proceed to work in the oil. Once a thick emulsion has been built up, the oil may be added faster, 2 tablespoons at a time. Beat in the remaining acid and hot water. The addition of this hot water after the mixture has been thoroughly blended prevents the oil from separating from the other ingredients on standing.

French Dressing (⅔ Cup)

- Clove of garlic, or Slice of onion
- ½ teaspoon paprika
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 6 tablespoonfuls salad oil
- 2 tablespoonfuls vinegar or lemon juice

RUB a bowl with the clove of garlic or slice of onion. Add the remainder of the ingredients, and stir until well blended. Chopped parsley or mint may be added.

Some find it convenient to put the materials for French dressing in a bottle or jar and mix the ingredients by shaking the bottle.

(For fruit salads, the addition of 1 tablespoon of sugar and 1 teaspoon of lemon juice to the French dressing recipe above makes a pleasing flavor. Celery salt is thought by some to improve the flavor. All vegetable salads are better if marinated (or soaked) 1 hour in French dressing before making up into a salad.)

Quick Mayonnaise (1¼ Pints)

- 2 egg yolks or 1 whole egg
- 2 tablespoons vinegar
- 2 tablespoons of lemon juice
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- ½ teaspoon mustard
- ⅛ teaspoon cayenne
- 1 cup vegetable oil

PUT the eggs and vinegar into a mixing bowl. Mix well, and add the other ingredients; do not stir them. Prepare a paste as follows:

- 1/3 cup flour
- 1 cup cold water
- 1 tablespoon butter

Mix thoroughly. Then stir and cook over boiling water at least 15 minutes. At once (while it is *hot*) turn this paste into the egg and oil mixture. Beat all the ingredients with a Dover or turbine egg beater until a thick, uniform dressing results. (Do not keep on ice as it will separate.)

A Table of Salad Combinations

Waldorf Salad—Apple, diced; celery, nuts, mayonnaise or boiled dressing.
Banana Salad—One-half banana, dressing (boiled or mayonnaise), peanuts, chopped.
Fruit Salad—Pineapple, oranges, bananas, marshmallows.
Head Lettuce with Thousand Island Dressing—Head lettuce, mayonnaise, chili sauce.
Pineapple Salad—Pineapple, cream or grated cheese, nuts.
Asparagus Salad—Asparagus, dressing, pimento.
Cold Slaw Salad—Cabbage, pimento or green pepper, dressing.
Carrot and Cabbage Salad—Cabbage, uncooked carrots, pea nuts, ground.
Salmon or Tuna Salad—Fish, shredded celery or cabbage, hard-boiled eggs.
Meat Salad—Diced, marinated meat, celery, hard-boiled eggs, diced.
Spring Salad—Tomatoes, cucumbers, onion.
Spring Salad—Tomato, celery, cauliflower, cooked.
Vegetable Salad—Vegetables, nuts, cheese.
Fruit Salad—Fruit dipped in mayonnaise, nuts.
Pear Salad—Pear, dressing mixed with cream or Old English cheese, nuts.
Three P's Salad—Peas, peanuts, chopped pickle.
Fruit Salad—Apple, diced; dates, cocoanut.

(Canned vegetables, left-over cold vegetables, meat and fish have a better flavor if they are marinated at least one hour before using. Marinate each one separately.)

Frozen Fruit Salad (for Six)

- ½ cup white grapes, seeded and halved
- ½ cup diced pineapple
- 2 peaches, diced
- 1 orange, diced
- ½ tablespoon sugar
- 1/6 cup of blanched, shredded almonds
- ½ cup cream, whipped stiff
- ½ teaspoon of gelatin, softened in ½ teaspoon cold water
- ½ tablespoon of lemon juice

DISSOLVE gelatin over hot water and add it to whipped cream. Add lemon juice and sugar. Mix fruit in lightly. Pack in a freezer, mousse-mold, or empty, washed baking powder can. Seal top with waxed paper, cloth and tight cover. Pack in ice and salt mixture for 2 or 3 hours to freeze. To remove from can, dip quickly in and out of hot water. Slice and serve on lettuce with whipped cream and cherries. (Any desirable fruit mixture may be used in place of the combination given. Frozen fruit salads may be used as a dessert.)

Boiled Dressing (1 Pint)

- 3 whole eggs
- ½ cup vinegar
- ½ cup water
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper
- ½ teaspoon celery salt
- 1 tablespoon mustard
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon curry powder
- ¼ cup sugar
- 1 tablespoon butter

MIX dry ingredients thoroughly. Add well-beaten eggs and liquid. Cook and stir over hot water until thickened (15 minutes). Add butter and cool before using. (This dressing may be made with fruit juice rather than vinegar if it is to be used for fruit salads.)

Perfection Salad (for Six)

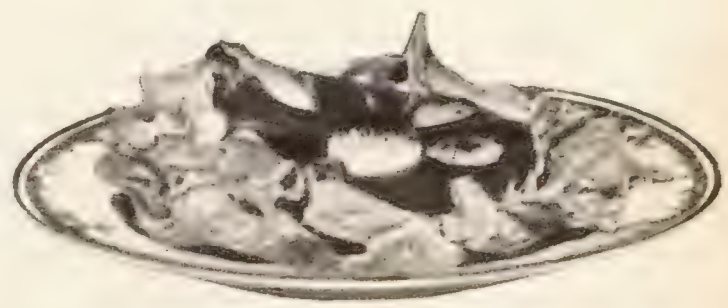
- 1 tablespoon of gelatin, granulated
- ¼ cup cold water
- ¼ cup vinegar
- ½ lemon, juice of
- 1 cup boiling water
- ¼ cup sugar
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ¾ cup sliced celery
- ¾ cup shredded cabbage
- 1½ pimento, chopped

SOAK gelatin in cold water, add vinegar and lemon juice. Add boiling water, sugar, and salt. Stir until well mixed. Set aside and when it begins to stiffen, add vegetables, and mold in wet molds.

FOUNDATIONS for your salad may be made of washed, drained, chilled endive; water cress; leaf, Romaine or Iceberg lettuce, or shredded greens. *Garnishes* to produce the desired color effect may be made of cherries, curled celery, stuffed celery, stuffed peppers, radishes, plain or curled; fluted, sliced carrots; stuffed olives, sliced; pimento, shredded; hard-cooked eggs, sliced; beets, cooked and cubed; or cheese balls made from cream cheese. The salad dressings may be varied by the addition of chili sauce, celery salt; piccalilli, hard-cooked egg, chopped; chopped parsley, pimento, or green peppers.

Spring Salad

Asparagus Salad



Pineapple Salad

"It's pretty awful," he said, "but old A. E. was a bit of a rounder."

Anything *But the* Truth

Sixth Installment of a Thrilling Serial of Love, Astounding Crime, and Mystery

By CAROLYN WELLS

(Read what's happened so far in the story at the top of next page.)

Why Did Mrs. Maxwell Visit the Home of the Slain Millionaire in the Dead Secrecy of the Night? Who and Where Is the Mysterious Dora Reed? What Is the Meaning of the Strange Bargain of Sarah Mersereau?

Pictures by ROBERT G. JONES

"YOU have heard the depositions of Essie the maid and of Mr. Maxwell," said Bennett, the coroner. "Do you admit the truth of both their reports?"

"Yes," said Lorraine.

"Will you tell me what you meant when you said to Mr. Maxwell, over the phone, that everything was all right?"

"Certainly. We had been spending an hour together. It was late, and after he left me and I came in, I discovered the dead body of Lennox. In my excitement I didn't know what to do, and my first impulse was to call Mr. Maxwell back. I rang him up, and even before he answered I thought what a mean thing it would be to call him here at that hour, when he could, of course, do nothing to help. So by the time he answered me I had changed my mind, and only told him good night and that everything was all right. This was an untruth, but oh, I was trying my best to do right."

"I see. And what move did you make next?"

"I went up to my room. I'd been through so much horror during the last week I thought I couldn't bear any more, so I thought I would leave poor Lennox for someone else to find. I may have been a coward, but I was so nervous and unstrung I really didn't feel equal to the ordeal of rousing the household just then."

"Very well, Miss Eldridge; but you came downstairs again, a little later."

"Yes, and I will tell you why!" Her eyes filled with tears and her face was pathetic. "I had a sudden thought that possibly poor Lennox might not be dead, after all. I hadn't touched him, you see, and I thought if he were not dead I must rouse the others and do what we could for him. So—so I went downstairs

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A Daily Reminder of a Gift Well Chosen

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The Cast and What's Happened So Far in the Story

AUSTIN ELDRIDGE, financier and man of secrets, is found brutally murdered. Just before the crime he had been dozing, in full sunlight, on the porch of his summer home in Shoredale. A carving knife had been driven into his heart and left there.

LORRAINE ELDRIDGE, the financier's adopted daughter, was lying in a hammock near him when he was stabbed. Roused by the lunch gong, she found him dead. A few minutes before her gruesome discovery she and

GRANT MAXWELL had been begging Eldridge to consent to their engagement. But he had interrupted them curtly, declaring Maxwell's snobbish mother did not think Lorraine good enough for Grant.

LENNOX, the faithful butler, declares the carving knife left in his master's breast was not part of the household equipment.

CROSBY, Eldridge's lawyer, takes charge of the settlement of the Eldridge estate. Others interested in the solution of the death riddle are BEN BROWNING, proprietor of the White Unicorn Inn; MRS. WILLIAM H. MILES, a guest, and her son EDWARD, seventeen years old, who aspires to be a great detective; SARAH and LOUIS MERSEREAU, sister and brother-in-law of Eldridge; MILLIKEN, the cook and captain bold of the Eldridge establishment, and TOM KENNEDY, Grant's rival for the hand of Lorraine.

PETER THORNE, a self-made detective, is eager to take a hand in the solution of the mystery. Lorraine decides to ask his services, after a midnight meeting with Grant Maxwell. On the lovers' return from this meeting a cloaked figure darts from the house, rushes past them, and disappears into the darkness, but not before Lorraine had recognized the intruder as Grant's mother. After Grant leaves her, Lorraine enters the house and is horrified to find, upon the library floor, the dead body of Lennox, the butler. Believing that Mrs. Maxwell must have been the murderess, she decides upon a ruse. She telephones Grant, "Everything is all right." In this way she hopes to avert suspicion—to make it seem the crime had been committed after Mrs. Maxwell's flight. Then she mounts the stairs to her room, but goes down again shortly afterward, driven by the thought that the butler may only be desperately wounded. She makes sure he is dead and, quite innocently, picks up some letters scattered about the room. These she puts away in the desk.

ESSIE, one of the maids, upsets Lorraine's plans for secrecy by revealing to

BENNETT, the coroner, at the inquest, that she saw Lorraine go downstairs at about the time the butler was murdered. It is plain that Bennett believes Lorraine guilty of murdering both Eldridge and Lennox. Bennett then prepares to cross-examine Lorraine, much to her dread.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-FIVE]

again, and I laid my hand on his forehead—and it was——"

"It was cold?"

"Almost—but I could see he didn't breathe—and oh—, I could see the man was dead—dead—and I was so terrified and so upset that I ran back to my room as quickly as I could——"

"And went to bed and to sleep——"

"I went to bed, but I couldn't sleep. I was too agitated by the terrible thing I had seen. And I was worried for fear I had not done right——"

"You certainly did *not* do right! Even if inexperienced in such things, you must know that one who discovers a dead human being must report it at once——"

"No, I didn't know that. If I had, I would have called my uncle and aunt."

"But you didn't—of course, you didn't. Because, Miss Lorraine Eldridge, you had a very good reason for wanting to delay the discovery. Do you remember, all of you, how Mr. Eldridge was killed? With a long, narrow bladed knife—a household knife; this man Lennox was stabbed in exactly the same place, and in the same way, and with an almost exactly similar weapon. The stroke was given by the same person, the only person who had both motive and opportunity for both deaths—the ungrateful daughter who defied her father's aversion to her marriage, the one who supposed herself inheritor of a great fortune—Miss Lorraine Eldridge."

CHAPTER X.

EVIDENCE

THERE was a murmur of indignation at the coroner's accusing words. As it rose to more than a murmur and became distinctly voiced criticism and even harsh censure, Bennett angrily declared the inquest adjourned for one week, and, without a word to anyone, strode from the room and out of the house.

Stiles, the police detective on the case, started to follow him, then thought better of it, and remained behind.

The crowd slowly dispersed and most of the audience went home. But, though Bennett's rash speech met with general disapproval and he was blamed by many in severe language, yet, also, there were many who were swayed toward the belief he had expressed.

Milliken, the housekeeper, speeded the departing guests, herding them with scant ceremony out of the house. Only Lorraine, the Mersereaus, Thorne, and Stiles remained.

"Bennett ought to be fired," declared Thorne, hotly. "His at-

"Well, pretty much pandemonium broke loose! All the smoldering rancor she had been feeling flared up."

tack on Miss Lorraine was not only bad taste and unethical, but it was against the law for him to talk like that. Wasn't it, Stiles?"

"I don't know about the law, but I do know he had no business to do it, and I'm going to tell headquarters all about it, and get Bennett fired if I can. He's a fool coroner, anyway—he don't know anything about law——"

"Never mind Bennett," Thorne said. "I'm more interested in Miss Eldridge. What we've got to do, first, is to clear her from this accusation of murder. She is deeply involved——"

"No matter how deeply involved she is, she must and shall be exculpated!" These words, in a strong, young voice, were from a newcomer, Grant Maxwell. As he swung through the door, all eyes were turned to him.

"I shall take these matters in charge," he went on, a new firmness in his tone and a new determination written on his fine features. "I am Lorraine's affianced husband, and so I am nearer to her than anyone else. First of all, Mr. Thorne, I want to employ you on the case. I will pay your bills or fees, and I will, of course, pay all your expenses."

Lorraine looked almost happy again as she gazed at Grant.

"Are you—are you going to see about the adoption papers?" she whispered, and Maxwell replied, "You bet we are! And about the two crimes, and about Mr. Eldridge's will, and about everything that is now so mysterious."

Thorne then suggested an immediate conference on ways and means, but Grant wanted to talk to Lorraine privately first, so they went

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Mother!

Hurry! Give Constipated Child "California Fig Syrup"

Even a fretful, feverish, bilious or constipated child loves the pleasant taste of "California Fig Syrup." This gentle, harmless laxative never fails to sweeten the stomach and open the bowels. A teaspoonful today may prevent a sick child tomorrow. It doesn't cramp or overact. Contains no narcotics or soothing drugs.

Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-SEVEN]

once more to the Rambler arbor.

"What happened?" she asked, eagerly, as he held her in his arms a moment without speaking.

"Well, pretty much pandemonium broke loose!" He smiled ruefully. "My heavens, Lorraine, I never want to go through another scene like that! You see, mother heard what that brute of a Bennett said about you, and it was like fire to tow. All the smoldering rancor she had been feeling flamed up, and there was the wildest conflagration you ever saw!

"Well, I let her talk herself out, let her say all she had to say—and then some!—and when she stopped from sheer exhaustion, I just put it to her straight. I told her that the time had come for me to state my side. And I stated in it mighty few words. I said that you were dearer to me than my home or my mother, or than life itself. I said that since she felt as she did I couldn't expect to have you both and that I chose you and that I should henceforth devote my life entirely to you and your affairs. That as soon as you would agree to it I should marry you, whether before this matter is finished or after. I then offered to bid her an affectionate but final good-by."

"What did she do?"

GRANT grinned ruefully. "She didn't fall on my neck," he replied. "She just said that as I had chosen, I could abide by it. Said good-by in a formal, pleasant way, as one might at an afternoon tea, and then walked haughtily across the room and out the door."

"Leaving you standing there?"

"Yes."

"How did you feel?"

"Honestly, Lorry, I felt like laughing, for a moment. Mother does that high tragedy stunt awfully well, and it did strike me as funny. But when I went up to my rooms to pack some things it—it didn't seem so funny."

"Did you pack?" This thought, to Lorraine, too, brought an unpleasant idea of finality.

"Oh, I stuffed some things into a suitcase and left it at the inn. Booked a room there for the immediate present. Later, I'll see what I'll do. Of course mother won't hold out. I'll give her a week to be begging me to come back, and all will be forgiven."

"I'm not so sure."

"Well, never mind that now. I just wanted you to know how things stood. Now, sweetheart, I must go and confab with those chaps, but remember, I'll be here lots from now on. Shall I be welcome?"

For answer Lorraine raised her sweet, sad face to his and kissed him lingeringly.

"I'm sorry," she said, "about your mother—but—you must go now. We'll talk about it some other time."

Maxwell, buoyed up by excitement and anticipation, left her i the arbor and joined Thorne an Stiles in the library.

"WE'LL make this place ou headquarters," Thorne wa saying, "for it's right on the prem ises of the crimes, and, too, we'v a lot of hide-and-seek work to d here."

"All aboard," Maxwell said taking a chair and lighting a ciga ret. "Now, I don't know whethe you fellows quite understand me o not. I want you to take charge to direct the proceedings entirely. My part will be to follow your instructions, whatever they may be, and to foot the bills. The only thing I want out of it is, first, full absolution for Miss Eldridge; next, if possible, proofs of her legal adoption; third, discovery of her parentage. Incidentally, if we can find a will of Austin Eldridge's, so much the better."

"Good!" said Thorne. "Here's the first principle we're going to work on. To free Miss Eldridge, it's necessary to find the real culprit. To find him, if he exists, means to hunt for a needle in a haystack. So the hunt must begin at the edge of the haystack."

"Meaning?"

"Meaning the letters and papers in this room—both visible and concealed."

"Concealed?"

"Yes. I've been over the desk fairly thoroughly, but there are other cabinets and drawers to ransack, and I can't help feeling there is a secret place somewhere."

"If so, wouldn't Crosby know?"

"I think Crosby does know."

"And keeps it to himself?"

"Exactly."

"Now, come, Thorne," Stiles interrupted, "why should Crosby do that? Why would he hold back from us such important information?"

"For his own reasons—I don't know what they are."

"Then that's one more thing we must find out," declared Maxwell.

"That's the talk!" Thorne exclaimed. "Now, do you propose to set to work at once?"

"As soon as I light a cigaret."

"Good boy! Then, suppose you take this small filing cabinet. See, it holds, maybe, a hundred letters. Go through it with care, read every letter. If any are inexplicable, or even uncertain of meaning, lay them aside, in a pile. See?"

"Yes. You mean to make a wide roundup of all his possible enemies?"

"Exactly that. Stiles will take this other one, and I'll find some for myself."

For three hours the stillness was broken only by the rustle of paper, the striking of a match, or a few short sentences asking or giving advice or opinions.

Then, the tasks set being fin-

ished, they drew together to compare reports. The face of each showed excitement.

"You tune up first, Maxwell," Thorne ordained, and Grant began.

"It's pretty awful," he said, "but A. E. was a bit of a rounder."

The others nodded, not so surprised as they would have been some hours sooner.

"I ran across a small bunch of letters from a woman—a girl—and they prove conclusively that her relations with Mr. Eldridge were—h'm—more than the law allows."

"What's her name?" asked Stiles.

"Dora Reed."

"Did you get any hint that the lady in question might have brought about Eldridge's taking off?"

"I don't see how she could have done so." Grant looked perplexed. "But I'll agree that she had a grievance."

"Well, lay that bunch of letters aside, and let's step along," Stiles suggested. "Anything else?"

"No, all the rest are innocuous and uninteresting."

"Well, so much for so much." And Peter Thorne took the doubtful packet and dropped it into a box he had brought for that very purpose.

STILES came next. His grist consisted of a lot of political notes and clippings quite evidently collected for the purpose of defaming the character of Eldridge's rival candidate in the expected political campaign.

"Looks bad," said Peter as he glanced over the text of the notes.

"Is bad," agreed Stiles. "With that stuff broadcast, Galton wouldn't have any show at all. Do you suppose Eldridge meant to use it this fall?"

"Sure, he did. And if Galton knew it,—well, there are gunmen, and all that, but I can't see how he'd get anybody to stick up Eldridge the way it was done."

"Put your papers in the box," said Thorne, and one more possibility was added to the list.

"One other," Stiles said. "A woman. It seems, from this rather long and involved correspondence, that Eldridge palmed off a second mortgage on her and pretended, or implied somehow, that it was a first. The woman lost all her money, and she writes that she'll kill Eldridge if he doesn't make it good to her. That sounds more indicative of trouble than it really was, for the affair happened about ten years ago, and I can't think that woman rose up in her wrath and stabbed him now."

"Dump it in," Thorne said tersely. "We're getting more than I expected. These cases must be followed up with caution, but very carefully. I believe this is the way to get at the great secrets of Austin Eldridge's life, and perhaps, in some cases, restitution can be made."

"Philanthropic, eh?" And Stiles smiled caustically.

"I found nothing myself," Thorne told them, "but a couple of letters showing that Eldridge remembered in his will a farmer named Warren. Know him?"

"I know who he is," Stiles said. "I bet he wanted to realize on his inheritance ahead of time."

"He did," said Thorne. "Begged Mr. Eldridge to give him at least half of the bequest without waiting for a funeral! But Eldridge didn't see it and flatly refused. So Warren grew pettish and threatened dire revenge. Dunno whether he ever carried out his threats or not, but we must look into it."

He tossed the packet of letters into his big box, and then the three sat back to talk it over.

They agreed it was the best way of setting about their work, but they also agreed that it

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"There's two maids as is friends of Essie's told her as how they saw Mrs. Maxwell come sneakin'like and go into the house by the back door."

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-NINE]

was doubtful if they could reach the end that way.

"I don't believe the most important documents of A. E.'s business affairs are here at all," Maxwell said, looking about. "I think he had some deposit boxes of which no one knew. Now, if so, there must, there simply must, be some keys around somewhere, or some memoranda of the boxes, or some jotting in a diary or daybook—the man must have had a record."

"Can't you spy out any possibility of a secret cubbyhole?" Thorne demanded.

As he talked he walked about, poking into the back of the little cupboards, pulling out drawers and looking behind them, tapping the wall here and there, and finally pulling out a tape measure from his pocket and measuring various sides and depths of the large desk.

"There might be a secret place in that," Stiles said, "though not likely in the walls of the house. Measure away, Thorne. Note anything?"

"I can't tell. The desk is so enormous, so solidly built, of such thick wood, that there's room for a dozen secret places, but no sign of any. See; there's no waste space along this side edge. But in the middle part who can say?"

CHAPTER XI.

SISTER SARAH

LAWYER CROSBY'S office was one of the most richly appointed in all Shoredale.

He was deeply engrossed in some important details of the Eldridge estate when he received a call from the two Mersereaus.

Sarah Mersereau was Eldridge's sister. She and her husband had been visiting him at the time he was so mysteriously murdered.

"May we see you alone, please?" Sarah asked Crosby. The lawyer dismissed the secretary and stenographer who were with him.

"Now," said Mrs. Mersereau, "there's no use beating about the bush. What have you found out or what do you know about the disposition of my brother's property?"

She seemed to be the spokesman, and her husband sat by, dumb and embarrassed.

"No more than I've told you," Crosby replied.

"That isn't true," she said, bluntly, "and you know it. Now, see here, Mr. Crosby, I'm Austin's rightful heir, and I want the fact to be made known. If you know where those adoption papers are—there *were* such papers, weren't there?"

He eyed her closely.

"Why do you think so?" he hedged.

"I don't think it; I know it. And so do you. We both know Lorraine, and we know she wasn't lying when she said her father told her she was legally adopted; but what we think or anyone thinks doesn't matter if the papers are not found—does it? Very well, what I want to know, first, is what are the chances of discovering the original records?"

Crosby considered the question gravely for a moment.

"Very slight," he replied at last. "It all happened nearly twenty years ago, and we have no idea where to look. Eldridge was traveling about all over the world at that time. The record may be filed in any court in the United States or it might even have been destroyed by fire or flood."

Sarah nodded with ill-concealed satisfaction.

"That being so," she said, "for all practical purposes, whether Lorraine or I inherit my brother's property depends on the finding—or not—of the papers. Very well. Now, have *you* any idea where they are?"

"Not the slightest," replied Crosby. "Unless he had some safe deposit box, of which I knew nothing and of which there is no memoranda, which seems scarcely possible, I can only think there must be some secret place in the house——"

"Nonsense!" snapped Sarah, contemptuously. "Don't be a fool. Austin——"

Crosby flushed angrily. "What do you know about Austin?" he snapped. "You didn't see him for twenty years or more until this summer. As it happens, I don't think; I *know* there is a secret hiding place—I have the key to it." The Mersereaus both gasped, and Sarah turned pale.

"You—have—the—key!" repeated the latter, blankly. "Then—then——"

"Don't be alarmed, said Crosby, dryly, his good humor restored by his guest's dismay. "I have the key, but the trouble is I don't know where the keyhole is."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Just what I say," returned Crosby. "I have a key——"

"Taken from my brother's person?"

"Precisely. From a small, concealed pocket on the inside of his pocketbook. Therefore, I know it must be to something important. A man doesn't carry ordinary or unimportant keys that way. When we find—*if* we find—what it fits, I incline to the belief that we will clear up a number of interesting things."

For a moment the two looked deeply into each other's eyes, each apparently trying to read the other's thoughts. Then Sarah drew a deep breath, as of relief.

"I see," she said, slowly. "Well, I said there's to be no beating about the bush, and there won't be. What we've come for is this. Of course, if the papers are found

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY]

and Lorraine is the heir there is no more to be said. But if they are not found I'll need a lawyer, and I want to retain you. I'll want you to settle things up, and I'll name your fee in advance—one hundred thousand dollars."

"Ah!" said Crosby, softly, and again the two looked into each other's eyes with mutual understanding. Then he added, suavely, "Of course, Mrs. Mersereau, under those circumstances, I should be delighted to act as your counsel."

The Mersereaus went back to the Eldridge house, satisfied that they had accomplished their object.

Crosby, however, sitting smiling cynically in his office, was not so sure. He had more than one arrow in his quiver. Of course, if Lorraine were found to be the heir, even if he were appointed administrator, which wasn't at all assured, he would have only the legal fees allowed for such services. But—suppose he were to *marry* her; suppose he were to make the discovery of the papers *contingent* on her marrying him?

Of course, she was madly in love with Grant Maxwell—he had to admit that. Also, she did not seem the type of girl who could be blackmailed by the threat of the loss of even so large a fortune as Eldridge's. But you never could tell—money is money, and then he himself——

Crosby possessed all the personal conceit and cynical belief in the sincerity of "good" people that is typical of men of his class.

Crosby, however, sat smiling cynically in his office. . . . Suppose he were to marry her . . .!

IN the library at Myrtle Lawn the Mersereaus found the detective, Thorne, talking to Lorraine. Young Miles was present, and, though he sat demurely quiet, his eyes were roving about and his ears were taking in all he could compass.

His face grew eager as Milliken, the housekeeper, who had come in to speak to Lorraine about some household matter, declared: "That chap as passed by the house and turned back is the man you're after—or ought to be. That there passing-by man killed him, and, what's more, there was a woman back of it. Namin' no names, I say there was a woman back of it."

"What woman, Milliken?" said Thorne, looking at her sternly. "As you've gone so far, you must go on and tell her name."

"Goin' on is what I ain't goin' to do nothin else but." And the strong, gaunt frame stood upright in the doorway as Milliken folded her long arms and nodded her determined head. "I say the time has come to speak out, and speak out I'm goin' to. The woman back of it all is Mrs. Maxwell."

"Whatever can she mean?" Sarah exclaimed. "Mrs. Maxwell! Why, she scarcely knew my brother."

"Well, here's what I mean," Milliken declared. "It's just this. I don't know who killed Mr. Eldridge, not knowing the name of that vilyun what passed by and turned back, but this I do know: The night Lennox was killed Mrs. Maxwell was in this house at the time, and not only that—but she was up in the master's bedroom."

"I don't believe it!" Lorraine cried, but her heart stood still.

"In my brother's bedroom!" cried Sarah. "Impossible! We none of us go there! Don't listen to her, Mr. Thorne. It's preposterous!"

"Did you see her, Milliken?" Thorne asked, paying no heed to Sarah's protest.

"No; if I had, I'd 'a' grabbed her! In master's room! Her and her high and mighty ways! A pretty how-de-do!"

"Was she—er—an intimate friend of your master's?" Thorne asked.

"Not her!" Milliken spoke with scorn. "No, sir; master wouldn't pick her up with the tongs. But he had a hold on her—that I do know."

"How do you know? Come, Milliken, where do you get all this information? Surely, Mr. Eldridge didn't confide in you—and you have small opportunity of eavesdropping."

"It's that Essie, Mr. Detective. That Essie, now, she was always and forever getting bits of newsy tales, and she'd repeat 'em to me. I listened, for I didn't want that Essie to know more about my own people than what I did. Of course, you understand, the only reason I know these things, or tell them, is in the hope of helping Miss Lorry, here. And I hold to it, the more I know and the more I tell, the sooner the whole truth will come out, and it won't be no indetriment to Miss Lorry, either."

THORNE suppressed a smile and followed up this chance that had come to him.

"You are quite right, Milliken," he assured her. "The truth can be best come at by learning all we can about the matter in all of its aspects. Now for my main question. How do you know that Mrs. Maxwell was in this house and upstairs in Mr. Eldridge's room the night that Lennox died?"

"Well, sir, that Essie, she heard it from the servants next door."

"Next door?"

"Yes, sir, the next house as ever was. The Kennedys' house, you know."

"And the Kennedy servant saw Mrs. Maxwell here?"

"Just that, sir. There's two maids over there as is friends of Essie's, and they told her as how they saw Mrs. Maxwell come here, sneakin'like, and go in the house by the back door. Then, says they, the house bein' dark, they could see her by her flashlight a-goin' upstairs and into Mr. Eldridge's bedroom. And she was pokin' around that room quite a spell, they a-seein' her figger on the shade like a picture show. I'm thinkin' she never thought about folks from outside seein' her, and she just snapped on the room light and went about her business. Which, of course, huntin' for somethin' is what it couldn't have been nothin' else but."

"That doesn't seem to me of any great importance," Lorraine said. "Suppose she did come over here to look for her own letters——"

"We're not sure that was her errand, Miss Eldridge," Thorne said gently. "It may have been, but we only surmise it. We must ascertain for sure what she did come for."

"You don't suspicion she killed Lennox, do you?" asked Milliken; "maybe, now, he came and caught her at her snoopin', and she——"

"But he was killed down in the library," Thorne reminded her.

"Well, I know that, but she may've come down and snooped in the liberry, too. If she was a-huntin' papers, she'd look everywhere."

"I'll check up on this astonishing tale of yours," said Thorne. "But you do nothing in the matter. See?"

"Nothin' is what I'm a-goin' to do, and I'm goin' to do it mighty industrious." And with a heavy step Milliken strode from the room.

Thorne sighed.

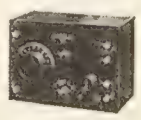
"We've got to delve deeper than we have yet, before we solve this mystery," he said.

Will Detective Thorne be able to find the secret hiding place of Austin Eldridge's private papers? Suppose he does—will Lawyer Crosby yield the key that he possesses? There are truly amazing new complications in next week's installment of this serial. Do not miss it.

Of Course It's a CROSLEY
Better-Costs Less Radio

Think of the boundless delight of that dear old mother, confined to the house by the rigors of winter or the infirmities of age, when she listens in for the first time on a Crosley Radio. Imagine the joy of the kiddies, when they awaken you Christmas morning with the glad tidings that "Santa has brought us a Crosley Radio." Then decide to make this a Crosley Christmas.

There can be no gift with greater possibilities for continued happiness than a Crosley set. It carries Christmas along through the year, continually giving new thrills and happiness, and bringing pleasant thoughts of the giver.



Crosley One Tube
Model 50, $14.50
With tube and Crosley Phones $22.25

It is a delight to operate a Crosley. The immediate response to the turn of the dials; the clearness of reception from far distant points; the real ease with which local stations may be tuned out; all help to make Crosley reception distinctive and exceptionally pleasurable. The very low cost at which this really remarkable radio performance can be obtained places Crosley sets within the reach of all—the ideal Christmas gift.

Crosley Two Tube
Model 51, $18.50
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Crosley Three Tube
Model 52, $30.00
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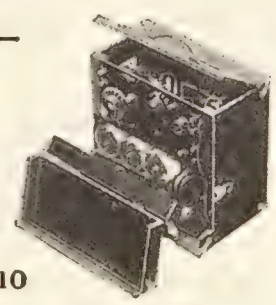
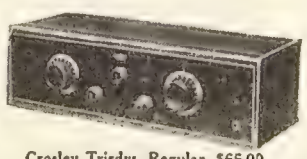
Crosley owns and operates Broadcasting Station WLW



Crosley Two Tube
Model 51-P, $25.00
With tubes and Crosley Phones $36.75



Crosley Tridyn, Regular, $65.00
With tubes and Crosley Phones $80.75

Crosley Regenerative Receivers are licensed under Armstrong U. S. Patent No. 1,113,149.

Prices West of the Rockies add 10%

Crosley Tridyn Special, $75.00
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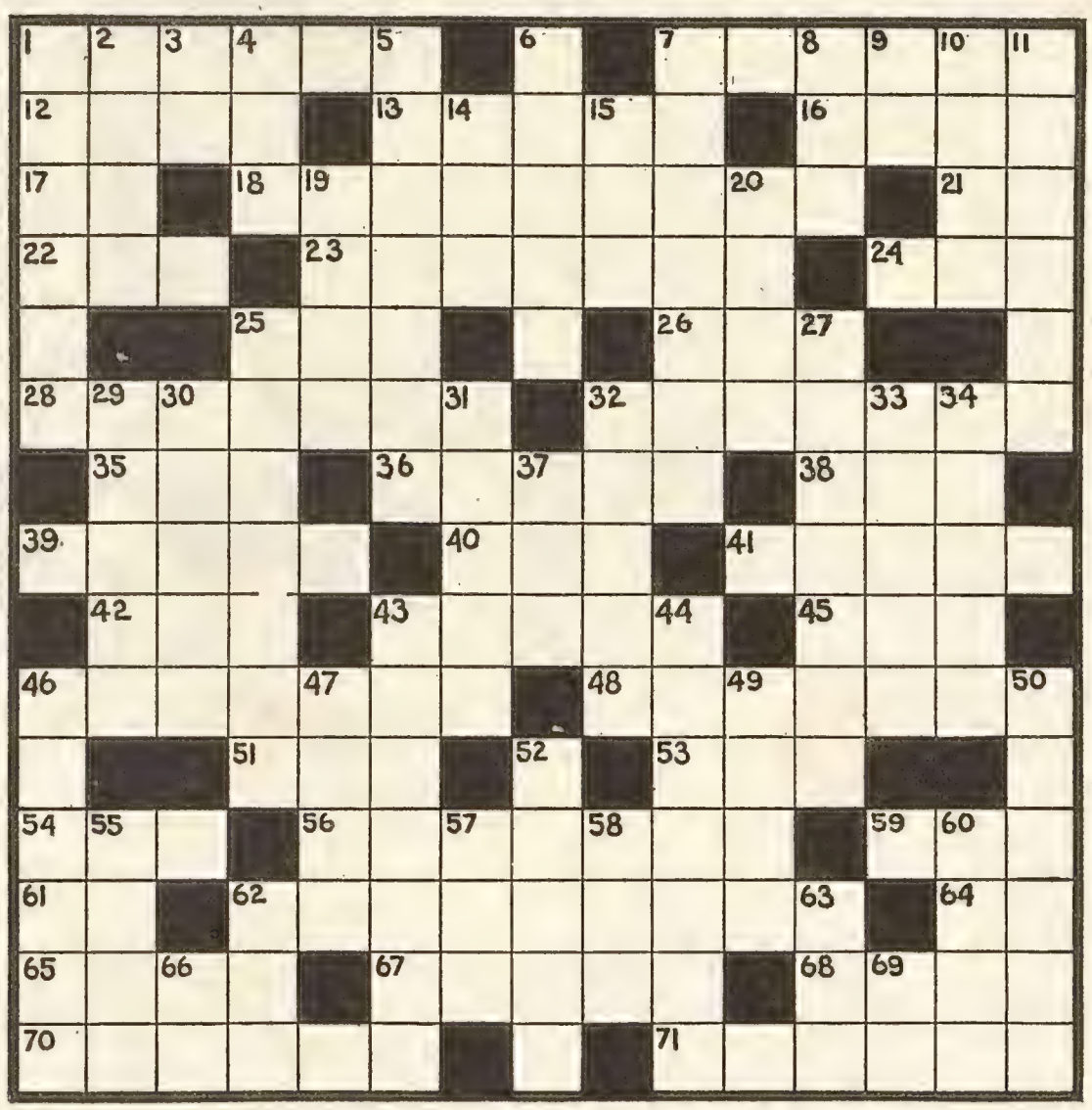
Liberty's Cross-Word Puzzle

---No. 5

GET OUT your dictionaries and go after the blankety-blank white spaces in this week's cross-word puzzle. It's an interesting one and if you are clever enough to solve it, you'll become acquainted with several strange animals.

In case you are just adopting the fad of the year, here's the way a puzzle is solved. Find space No. 62 and definition No. 62. This suggests "An imitation of cream cheese (plural)," which is "cheesines." The fourth letter in "cheesines" is "e," which is the middle letter of No. 57, "A voracious, elongated, snakelike fish. You ought to know in a minute that this is no other than "eel."

Now we have given you a good start. Keep your answer and check it up with the solution in next week's Liberty.



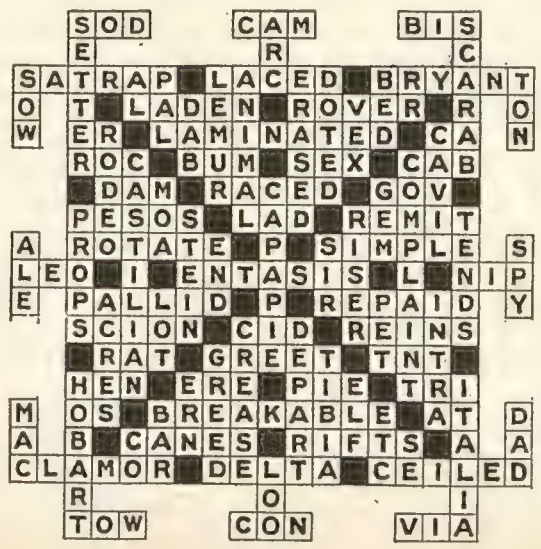
DEFINITIONS OF WORDS

HORIZONTAL

1 A beetle carved out of stone by the ancient Egyptians
7 Subdues in demeanor
12 To conceal
13 Open mouthed with wonder
16 A genus of mussel with pearl-lined shell
17 Preposition
18 Abandoned ships adrift at sea
21 The elder (abbreviation)
22 Fabric having a corded or ribbed surface
23 One chosen to run for election
24 Adverb meaning "continuing"
25 An alcoholic drink used in cocktails
26 An obstruction
28 Deciphered
32 Abelard's sweetheart
35 Division of the Tai race
36 An Italian river
38 Sick
39 Poetry having a sorrowful theme
40 A negative connective
41 Pertaining to a certain continent.
42 Medieval shield (French)
43 A bright colored lizard
45 Nickname of famous Egyptian king
46 Similarity without identity
48 Plotted
51 To droop in the middle (as a cable)
53 To peruse
54 Portion of land (term used in real estate)
56 Long hair (plural-poetic)
59 A vegetable of tropical climates
61 The (Spanish)
62 An imitation of cream cheese (plural)
64 A state of the U. S. (initials)
65 Mediterranean island
67 Rested
68 A wading bird
70 Great treeless plains in South America
71 Walk swiftly, with long steps

VERTICAL

1 Partook
2 Quote, as a passage from a book
3 Latin initials meaning "After Christ"
4 A color
5 A knight
6 Sound, or well-grounded
7 One who withdraws, as from an organization
8 A vehicle (shortened form)
9 Half the width of an "em"
10 To ascend
11 A sally
14 Jewel
15 A small pointed and headed piece of wire used in fastening clothes
19 A woman's name
20 A kind of duck
25 East Indian gum resins
27 To make damp
29 A girl's name
30 The duct bearing the vermiform appendix (plural)
31 Dark and dirty
32 An image in the form of a stone pillar
33 Another name for ancient Troy
34 A dark, bluish gray
37 A large, powerful, nonvenomous snake of tropical America
43 To make the initial attack
44 Marks used to regulate pronunciation
46 Unconscious in slumber
47 Solemn promise
49 A flexible pipe
50 Death
52 Long-eared quadrupeds
55 Spanish cooking vessel
57 A voracious, elongated, snakelike fish
58 To drink in small quantities
60 Parched, or barren
62 Head covering worn chiefly by boys
63 Title of respect used in speaking or writing to a man
66 A medical degree
69 Prefix: doubly



Solution of Puzzle No. 4

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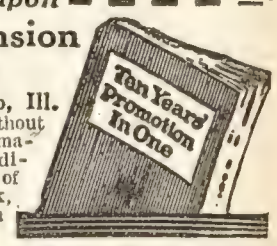

Gentlemen: Send without obligation to me, information regarding course indicated below, also copy of your interesting book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One."

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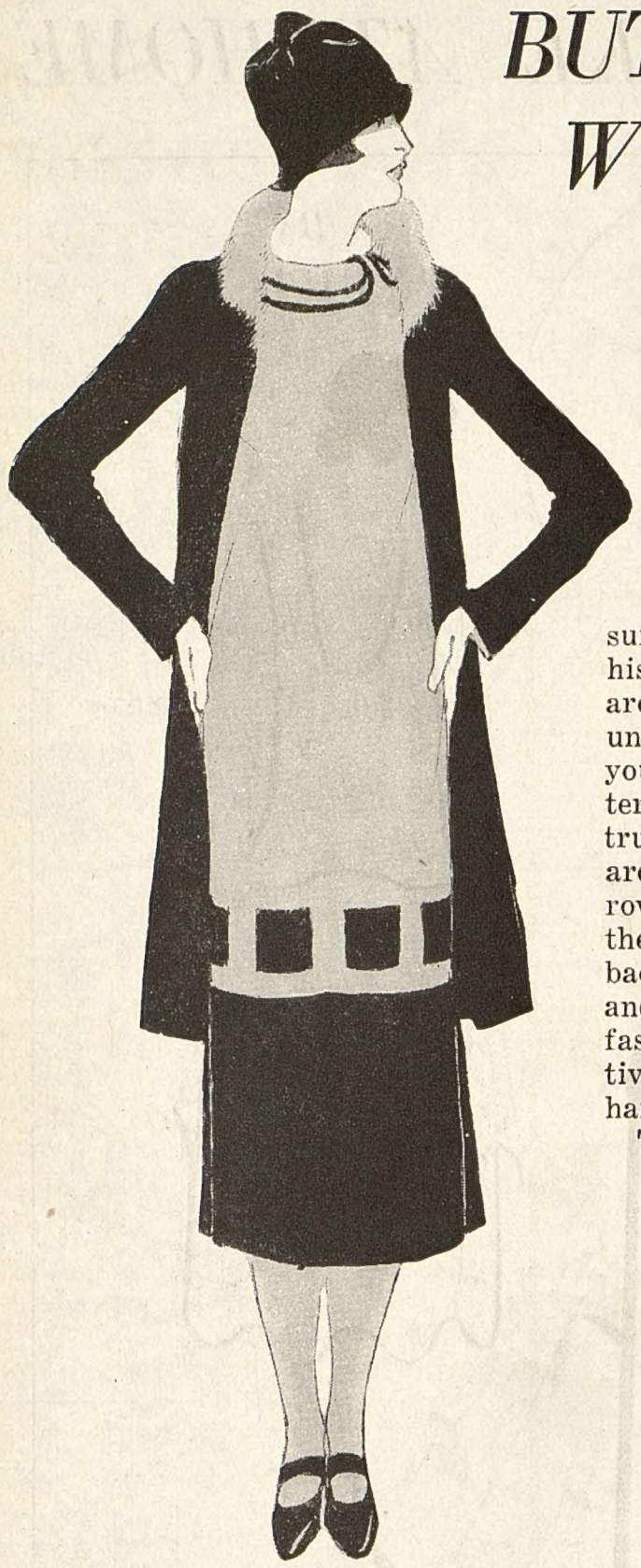
BUTTONS and FLARES RULE WINTER STYLES in PARIS

By Mary Brush Williams

Pictures by MARGARET LOWRY



One-piece dress of gold and blue metal tissue, ending in deep band of dark blue reps with plaits at both sides. A straight coat of reps gives the effect of a plain suit. The hat is of felt with a bow of the same material.

Paris, France.

THE other day the artist and I made a little tour of some of the smart establishments to see what they had got out after the buyers left—that is to say, to get an inkling of what the real winter styles were, and we decided the outstanding feature was that little surreptitious flare. The dress is really concealing something from you. It looks quite straight until its wearer moves, and then it softly, discreetly opens to her footsteps and fans.

What were the other features they were pushing after the departure of the buyers? It was the question on every lip. An American girl one evening came running up to our little set, whose meeting place is over the salon radiator, and her object was to show her newest dress.

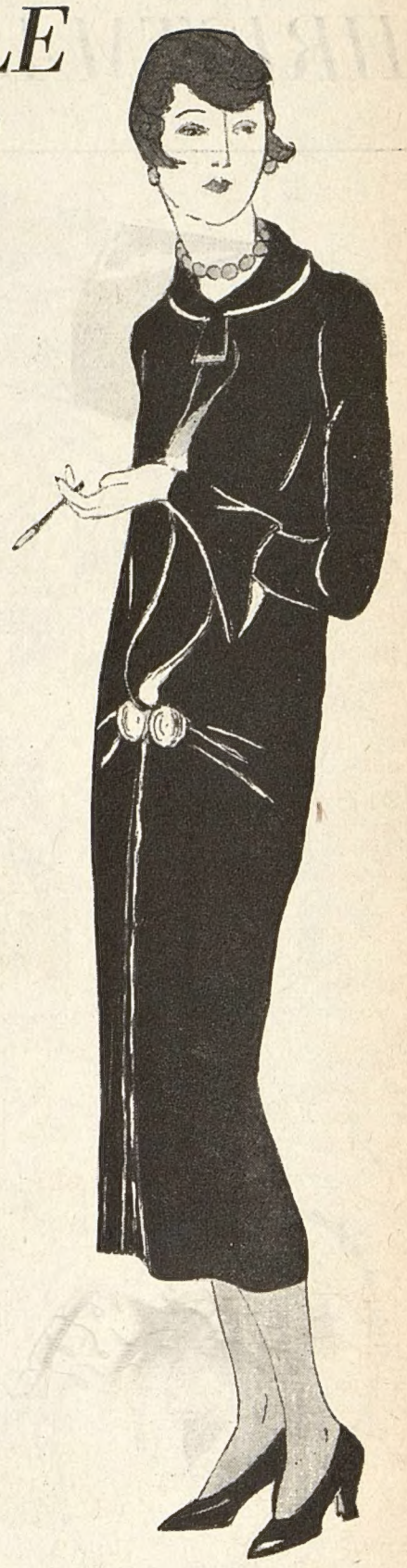
"It holds in place with one set of ribbons that tie underneath at the waistline (where they don't show) and three sets of snappers and two buttons. That's all."

"That's too much," promptly answered the army officer who sits in judgment on all feminine matters sartorial while he is here on holiday. And it is astonishing how sure, how true, how to be trusted his criticisms are. "Two buttons are too many to be used in any such undecorative purpose as holding your dress on." We present his utterance as embodying one of the truths of the winter styles. Buttons are used *en grosse* as decoration in rows up the sides of skirts, along the lengths of sleeves, down the backs, where you sit down on them and wish you hadn't—but never for fastening. Indeed, to state the positive of this negation, your dress is hardly supposed to fasten at all.

The first drawing below shows a censored version (I controlling the censorship) of the low décolletage in the back. The dress is of beige and brown crêpe de Chine, and the flare of the skirt is obtained with inverted plaits of beige, which now conceal, now disclose brown underneath.

There is also a pronounced movement toward one-sided effects in the blouses for the day and evening dresses. If a revere appears on one side, it turns into a scarf on the other. This and the tendency to spread at the bottom are both shown in the right hand offering below, an evening dress of beige crêpe, in which two scarves are called into use to produce the one-sided effect. The first of them starts on the right side, draws across the front and is thrown over the left shoulder, while the one starting at the back comes forward to the right. All scarves now, by the way, are of the material of the costume.

A beige chiffon dancing frock (at the left) with inverted godets and appliqued diamonds of brown. The line of the decolletage is quite high in front, while the little cape helps to accentuate the low line of the back. The straight-line frock (at the right) is of beige crepe with circular flounce and new neckline, revere on one side only. On the other side a scarf.



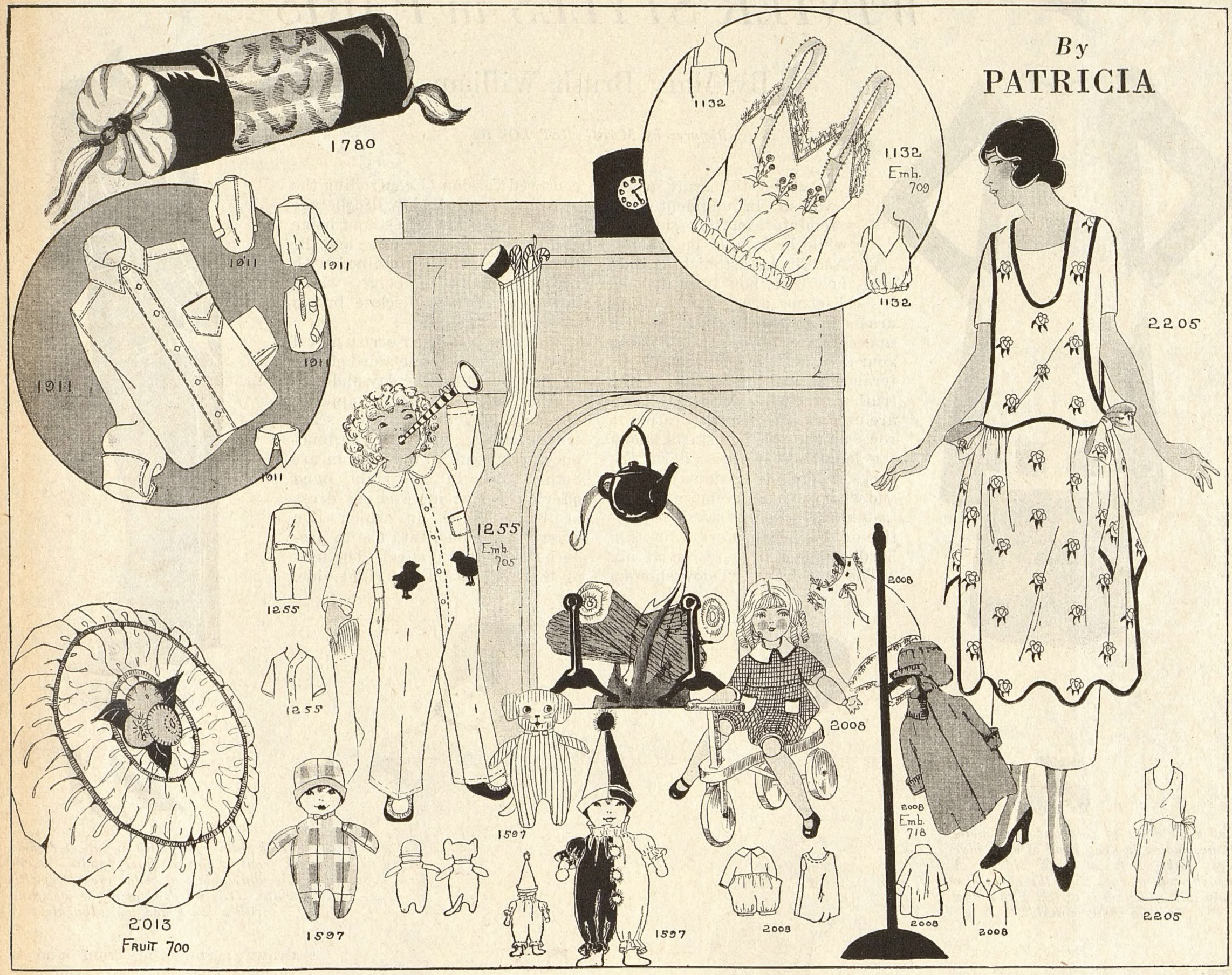
Black satin frock, with an inverted plait in front, which is finely plaited itself. Circular jabot and collar are faced with white. It is fastened at a low waistline with a black and white buckle.

The upper left hand offering shows how we are taking the tunic now. Maybe you would not know from the picture, but that article which looks like a long blouse isn't one at all. It is a part of the dress, fastened down to the dark material, so that the whole thing has to be cleaned when the lighter part gets soiled. Squares of the material are appliqued on the tissue of the imitation blouse.

As we were saying, those slim effects are now all relieved some way. The one in the upper right hand sketch accomplishes the relief work with that surreptitious plait in front. Don't you sort of like the demure double collar with its Abbé-like tab? It is bound in white and so is the jabot that flows down the front. The dress is fastened at a low waistline with a black and white buckle.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS EASY TO MAKE AT HOME

By PATRICIA



ANOTHER year has rolled around and we find ourselves once again trying to solve the Christmas-giving problem. Why not make Christmas gifts at home?

Pillow design No. 1780 would be attractive made of brocade and trimmed with velvet or velour. The pattern comes in one size and requires ⅝ yard of 31 inch dark material with ⅞ yard of 31 inch light material.

The round pillow, No. 2013, would be attractive made in black taffeta with fruits of rose color and green leaves. The pattern comes in one size and requires 1¼ yards 36 inch material with ½ yard 18 inch for the bottom.

A cunning pajama outfit makes a nice gift for some small boy or girl you know. The pattern for No. 1255 is cut in sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, and 12 years. The 8 year size takes 2⅝ yards of 36 inch material. The chic motifs are included with many other attractive designs in our hot-iron transfer pattern No. 705, which comes in blue only and costs fifteen cents extra.

Give *him* a shirt! A striped percale, plain madras, pongee, or striped silk shirting would make one he'd be delighted with. Pattern No. 1911 is cut in sizes 12½, 13, 13½, 14, 14½, 15, 15½, 16, 16½, 17, 17½, 18, 18½, and 19 inches neck measure. The 15½ inch size takes 3½ yards of 36 inch material.

Rag toys! You can make three little children happy this Christmas by sending for pattern No. 1597, which includes a doll with cap, a dog, and a clown with suit. Stockings that have outlived their usefulness can be used for these. Scraps collected from other sewing can successfully be used also. This pattern cuts in one size. The material requirements are on the pattern envelope.

Pattern No. 2008 is a set of clothes for Dolly. The pattern comes in sizes for dolls measuring 16, 18, 20, 22, and 24 inches high. The material requirements are on the pattern envelope.

Only ⅝ yard of 40 inch material is required to make a camisole from Pattern No. 1132. Silk crêpe, wash satin, radium silk, handkerchief linen, batiste, and nainsook can be used with trimming of lace and ribbon shoulder straps. The hot-iron transfer pattern, No. 709 (blue only), costs fifteen cents extra.

A pretty serving or tea apron is always an acceptable gift. Pattern No. 2205 cuts in three pieces—one for the upper section and two for the skirt. You can make the apron with only the front skirt, and then, of course, you will need less material. Try one in pretty flowered percale, another in checked or plaid gingham. Pattern No. 2205 cuts in sizes small, medium, and large. The medium size requires 2¾ yards 36 inch material.

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Write your name and address plainly on dotted lines, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Inclose 10 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Patricia Patterns, P. O. Box 339, City Hall Station, New York City.

NOTE—Patricia patterns are made in New York exclusively for this publication. They are perfect in fit, up to date in style, and the easiest of all patterns to use.

You may want to send in addition to the regular Bostons a pair of Knicker Garters or Arm Bands. Then ask to see the Boston combination Gift Boxes.

In holiday attire—

Every man's most popular dress accessory, Bostons in attractive gift boxes ready at dealers everywhere—the ideal Christmas present for another or yourself.

"How did your garters look this morning?"

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The PRINCESSE MATCHABELLI

on the importance of caring for the skin

"I have been so much impressed by the way American women do not allow the effects of exposure to mar the smooth delicacy of their complexions. Indeed, their charming youthfulness is due largely to their clear, fresh, beautifully cared-for skins. Women everywhere can acquire the same perfection with the use of Pond's Two Creams."

Princesse Matchabelli

SLENDER but commanding; features of chiseled beauty; fine dark eyes; a skin as ivory-white as the roses that bloom in the gardens of her Italian villa.

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The Princesse who knew Vienna and Petrograd in their days of brilliant gaiety, and Constantinople where East challenges West, today shares the life of the sophisticated inner circles of Rome, Paris, London and New York.

"Princesse," I asked, as we talked in her stately apartment overlooking New York's Central Park, "tell me how American women have impressed you."

"But they are beautiful," said the Princesse Matchabelli. "So fresh and young. Their skin—it is like satin. And that is because they are now doing what European women have done for years—caring for it with cold cream."

Then we discussed the method these lovely American women are following to keep their complexions so youthful—the method for the daily care of the skin developed by the Pond's Laboratories. Just Two Creams—which together provide the balanced care every normal skin requires.

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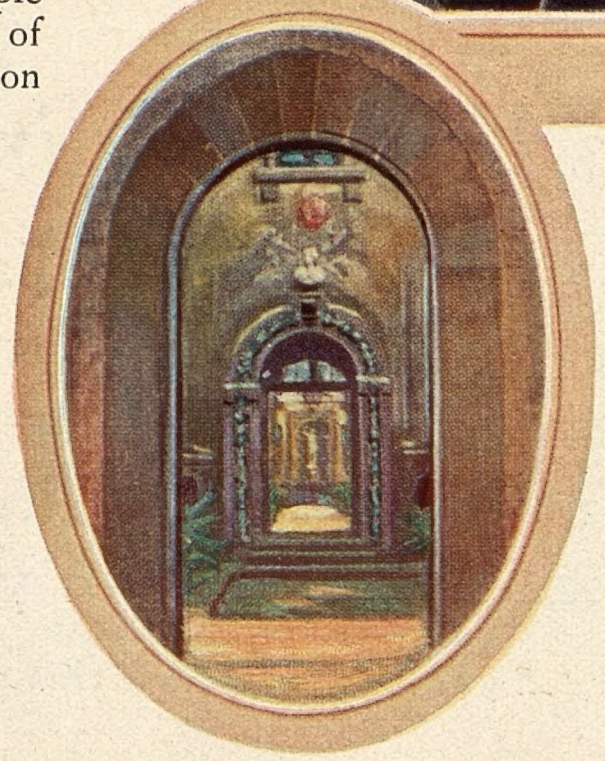
Begin for yourself this method which the beautiful women of the *beau monde* everywhere are following. Buy Pond's Two Creams today. Soon you'll find a new radiance appearing in your skin, that look of youth which the Princesse Matchabelli finds so charming. The Pond's Extract Company.



POND'S TWO CREAMS USED BY WOMEN OF THE SOCIAL WORLD TO KEEP THEIR COMPLEXIONS EXQUISITE

THE *beautiful Princesse Matchabelli has praised the perfection of skin resulting from "the use of Pond's Two Creams." Her villa, near Florence, "Villa Il Pozzino" (Villa of the Little Well), entrance to which is shown at the left, is three centuries old. On the walls of its three courts which succeed each other in lovely vistas are exquisite frescoes painted by Giovanni Da San Giovanni before 1636.*

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